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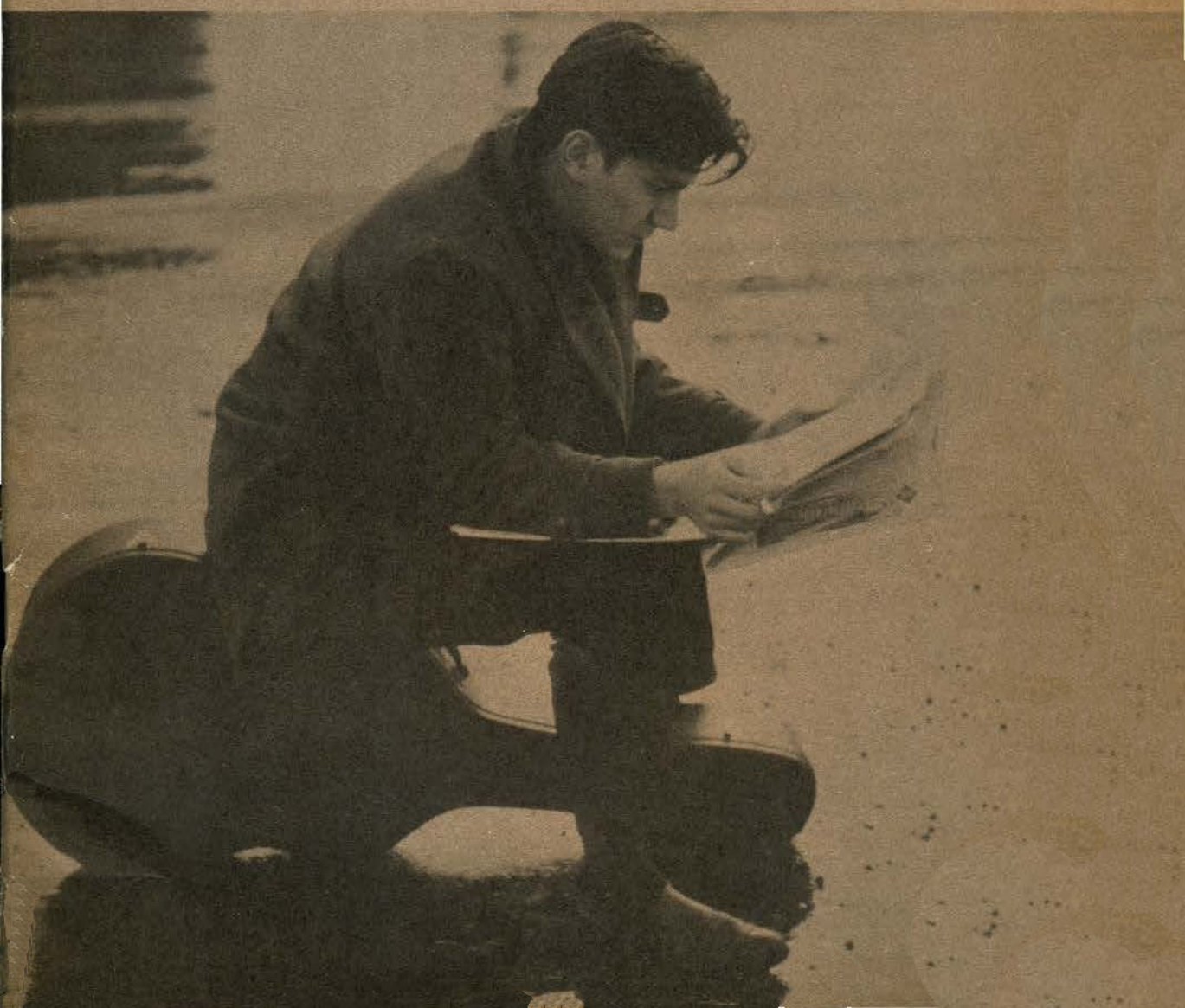
Songs of Phil Ochs

AN APPLESEED MUSIC INC. PUBLICATION

"OCHS IS A MAJOR NEW WRITER WORTH WATCHING."
Robert Shelton, New York Times

"PHIL OCHS HAS REACHED MATURITY AS A . . . WRITER THAT FEW ACQUIRE IN A LIFETIME OF WORK."
Josh Dunson, Sing Out



SONGS OF PHIL OCHS

AN APPLESEED MUSIC INC. PUBLICATION

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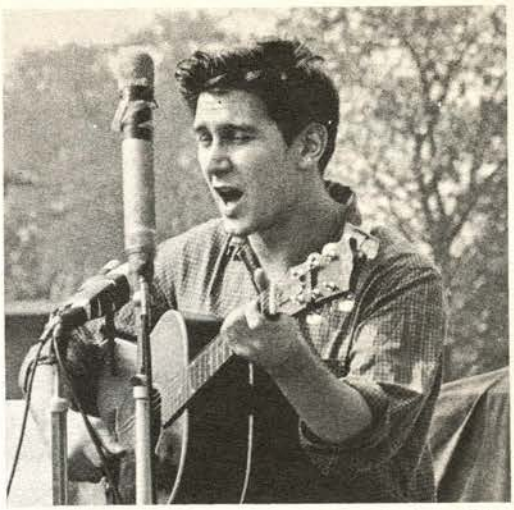


Photo by Dave Gahr

INTRODUCTION

I got interested in politics after wasting a couple of years drifting through college. Around the same time, I became interested in learning the guitar, and luckily won an old Kay in a bet on the election of John Kennedy for President. As a journalism major, I was writing for several campus papers, so it was pretty natural to slip some of my ideas between the chords I was learning.

This book contains about a fifth of the songs I've written since then. Many people have asked me how I write a song, and after thinking about it for a while, I decided that all my good songs were written subconsciously. That is to say, I'm never able to sit down and decide that I'm going to write a song. Rather, a song idea will come out of the blue and I'll get the proverbial light-bulb sensation. But I always try to keep my mind conditioned to thinking of new ideas. When I get one, my brain almost acts like a reflex muscle in following up a new thought. Sometimes I have stayed up past daylight pursuing a song idea until it was trapped in rhyme. But once you get the original idea, the rest is relatively easy, --- and rewarding. Some of the most exciting and satisfying moments of my life have been in the writing of a song.

I hope this book will inspire some readers to try their hand at songwriting. You'll never know how good you might be without a few honest attempts. I think many potentially good songwriters have been still-born by their own inhibitions.

Most of my early songs were straight journalistic narratives of specific events, and the later ones have veered more in the direction of themes behind the events. All of them, though, are trying to make a positive point, even the ones that deal with tragic events. However, I do have to concur with some of the right-wing groups that consider topical songs subversive. These songs are definitely subversive in the best sense of the word. They are intended to overthrow as much idiocy as possible, and hopefully, to effect some amount of change for the better.

I'd like to dedicate this book to the memory of Joe Hill, the Wobbly songwriter who received his royalties in the form of bullets from a firing squad.

PHIL OCHS

FOREWORD

by Gordon Friesen

To me, this first book of songs by Phil Ochs marks an important milestone in the current development of fresh new directions for American song. It brings between two covers the already solid achievement of a young poet-songwriter who is contributing much to the present revitalization of the nation's "folk-type" singing tradition. Phil Ochs is one of the most significant leaders, I think, of the band of young creators who are boldly taking America's folksong revival down new and exciting roads.

This whole group of young men and women, almost spontaneously it seems, began writing "contemporary folk songs" about two years ago. Their output has been terrific; this book represents only a small portion of the songs Phil Ochs has written in that time. And not only writing them, but getting them printed and recorded and sung all over the country. Their influence has extended in widening circles until now we see a concentration on "songs of protest" even by the established commercial folk music groups, to many of whom "songs with a message" were something to be strictly avoided only a few months ago.

This new trend was summed up recently in a statement in the Saturday Evening Post by folksinger Carolyn Hester. Indicating why she (and by inference many another folksinger today) was switching from the old traditional ballads to singing more and more of the newly-composed "topical folksongs", Miss Hester said: "People are demanding more of a folk singer. You must stand up and say what you believe, what you think ... Writers --- that's what's new in folk singing today."

Among these new writers Phil Ochs stands at a certain apex, because many of the streams of this movement to restore vitality and meaning to our country's songs (and not only "folk", but song in general) converge in his work. We find in Phil's songs, for example, the bitterness of a Bob Dylan, but redeemed by a sharp sense of humor. Even the love song rises to a new level in Phil's hands. It is true that the love songs composed by many of these young writers, Dylan, Len Chandler, Eric Andersen, Peter La Farge, tower high in their realism above the sentimental ersatz in which American popular song has been wallowing since the 20's. But Phil, in his lyrically and musically beautiful "Celia" -- based on the real life Pomeroy case-- adds something quite significant: he makes of it specifically a love song of our special times, when so many dark forces keep a man and a woman apart.

Meaningful song, of course, is not alien to America; it has only seemed that way these past few decades. Songs crying out against injustice and reaffirming a faith in liberty and reason exist from Revolutionary days straight on through the 1800's and through the labor struggles, Great Depression and World War two of this century. Such songwriting waned, along with

virtually all creative activity in general, in the stifling atmosphere of McCarthyism. But even during that dark period the spark of topical song was kept alive by such composers as Pete Seeger, Lee Hays, Malvina Reynolds, Ernie Marrs and others. And standing tall behind them, the influence of the giant, Woody Guthrie.

It is against this background that the Phil Ochses, the Dylans, the Chandlers, the Tom Paxtons, the Buffy Sainte-Maries, began working. They have come far in a short time. Phil, only 23, is already being listed in Who's Who; recognition of his poetry also has come from abroad. (The world-famed French poet and novelist, Luis Aragon, paid homage to Phil in his latest volume of poetry). Two years ago, Phil was a student at Ohio State University vitally interested in journalism because he felt he had so many things to say. But his dim experience with the campus press left him unconvinced that there was much freedom of expression in the newspaper world. So he turned to one of the traditional areas where a man can still stand up and say how he feels about things -- folksinging. He began to put his ideas into song.

But songs must have a considerable dimension above and beyond editorials. This is something Phil never loses sight of. As folk music critic Robert Shelton said in a recent New York Times article "(Phil Ochs) is a fighter who uses riducule and humor as his weapons. He comments in song on Cuba, Vietnam, militarism, civil liberties and civil rights, but with such a flair for lyric-writing that his songs rarely sound like pamphleteering."

"But all is not criticism. He has learned some of Guthrie's patriotic affirmation, especially in 'The Power And The Glory' and 'What's That I Hear?' ... Ochs is a major new writer and singer worth watching."

Another ingredient absolutely essential to good songs is good music. And that you will find too in this songbook of Phil Ochs'. Music critic Josh Dunson, writing in the New York publication BROADSIDE, where Phil's songs -- and those of many of the new young songwriters — first appeared, says Phil has created "some of the most beautiful tunes produced by topical singers to date. 'Bound For Glory,' the restrained and thoughtful tribute to Woody Guthrie; 'Lou Marsh,' the ballad of the New York Youth Board worker killed last year; and 'The Automation Song,' a deftly painted picture of the plight facing America's working man, all are moving and lasting compositions..."(Incidentally, it is in Phil's song about Woody that many listeners find most comparison to Woody's own songwriting; they note in "Bound For Glory" the same spirit which pervades "This Land Is Your Land.")

These songs of Phil's and others in this book are already becoming quite well-known, through the singing of them by professional performers like Joe & Eddie, Joan Baez, Ronnie Gilbert, the New World Singers, and amateur groups and individuals, especially on college campuses, in various parts of the land. Quite a few have also been recorded, by the Goodtime Singers, Pete Seeger, Phil himself on Broadside Ballads Vol. 1 (Folkways), on Vanguard's "New Folks Vol. 2", and his solo Elektra album, "All The News That's Fit To Sing" ("Hey! these are good songs," Pete Seeger said after listening to Phil's L-P).

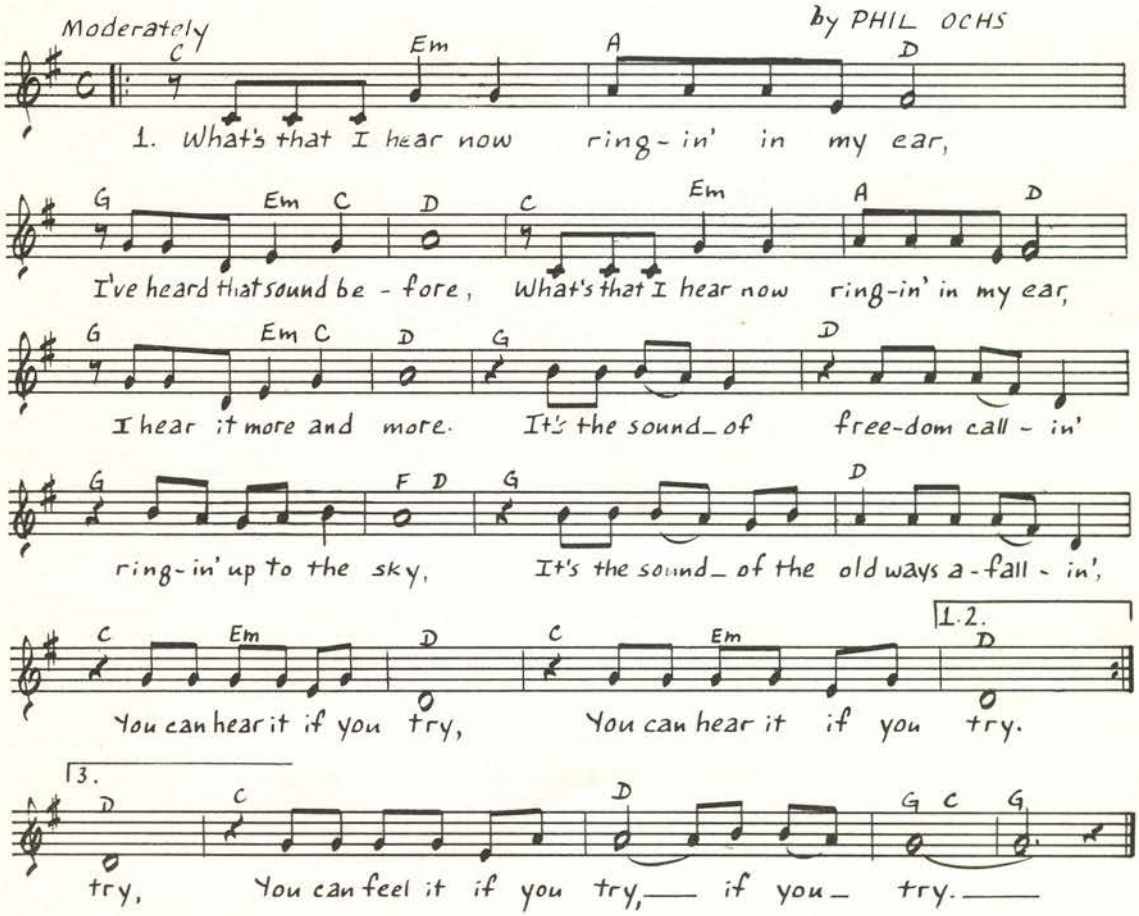
Phil, like Dylan and the others, is a "working" singer as well as a songwriter, earning a living by performing his own material. He has appeared at Town Hall and Carnegie Hall, has sung the circuit of clubs, haunts and coffeehouses. When he can, he travels for a first-hand look at the things he wants to write songs about; his Hazard, Kentucky, songs came out of several visits to the impoverished miners' families there; on a trip to Atlanta, Ga., he absorbed the feeling behind the Negro people's struggle for freedom.

What we have here is an admittedly condensed sketch of the forthright young American who created the songs in this book. You will get much more of a picture of him from the songs themselves. Read them, sing them, enjoy them, listen and learn from them.

• • •

(Mr. Friesen is a contributing editor of the topical folk music publication "BROADSIDE").

WHAT'S THAT I HEAR


Moderately
by PHIL OCHS
1. What's that I hear now ring-in' in my ear,
I've heard that sound be-fore, What's that I hear now ring-in' in my ear,
I hear it more and more. It's the sound of free-dom call-in'
ring-in' up to the sky, It's the sound of the old ways a-fall-in',
You can hear it if you try, You can hear it if you try.
try, You can feel it if you try, if you try.

2. What's that I see now shinin' in my eyes,
I've seen that light before,
What's that I see now shinin' in my eyes,
I see it more and more.
It's the light of freedom shinin', shinin' up to the sky,
It's the light of the old ways a-dyin',
You can see it if you try, you can see it if you try.

3. What's that I feel now beatin' in my heart,
I've felt that beat before,
What's that I feel now beatin' in my heart,
I feel it more and more.
It's the rumble of freedom callin', climbin' up to the sky,
It's the rumble of the old ways a-fallin',
You can feel it if you try, you can feel it if you try.

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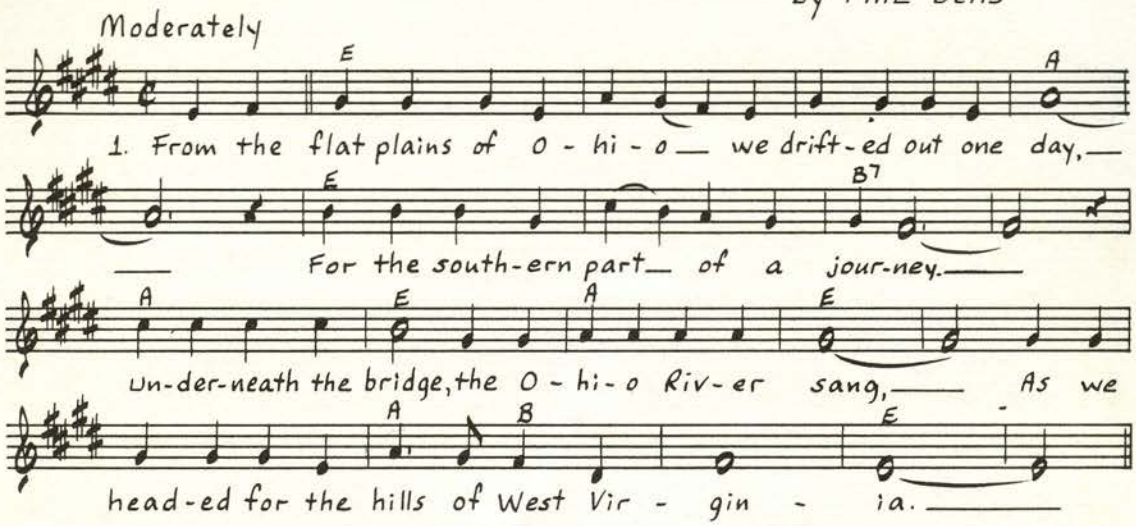
HILLS OF WEST VIRGINIA

by PHIL OCHS


Moderately
1. From the flat plains of O - hi - o we drift-ed out one day,
For the south-ern part of a jour-ney.
Un-der-neath the bridge, the O - hi - o Riv-er sang, As we
head-ed for the hills of West Vir - gin - ia.

2. And the red sun of the mornin' was smilin' through the trees,
As the darkness of the night was quickly fadin',
And the fog hugged the road like a cloudy, cloudy sea,
As we drove through the hills of West Virginia.

3. And we smoked the tobacco and drank of the wine,
And spoke of the forests we were passin'.
And the road would wind and wind and wind,
As we drove through the hills of West Virginia.

4. And among all the wealth of the beauty that we passed,
There was many old shacks a-growin' older,
And we saw the broken bottles a-layin' on the grass,
Where we drove through the hills of West Virginia.

5. The Virginia people watched as we went ridin' by,
Oh, proud as a boulder they were standin'.
And we wondered at each other with a meetin' of the eye,
As we drove through the hills of West Virginia.

6. And once in awhile, we would stop by the road,
And gaze at the womb of the valley.
Almost wishin' for a path down below,
Where we stopped in the hills of West Virginia.

7. Up and down and all around we took our restless ride,
And the rocks they were starin' cold and jagged.
Where explosions of the powder had torn away the side,
Where we drove through the hills of West Virginia.

8. And the orange sun was fallin' on the southern border line,
As the shadows of the night were now returnin'.
And we knew the mountains followed us and watched us from behind,
As we drove from the hills of West Virginia.

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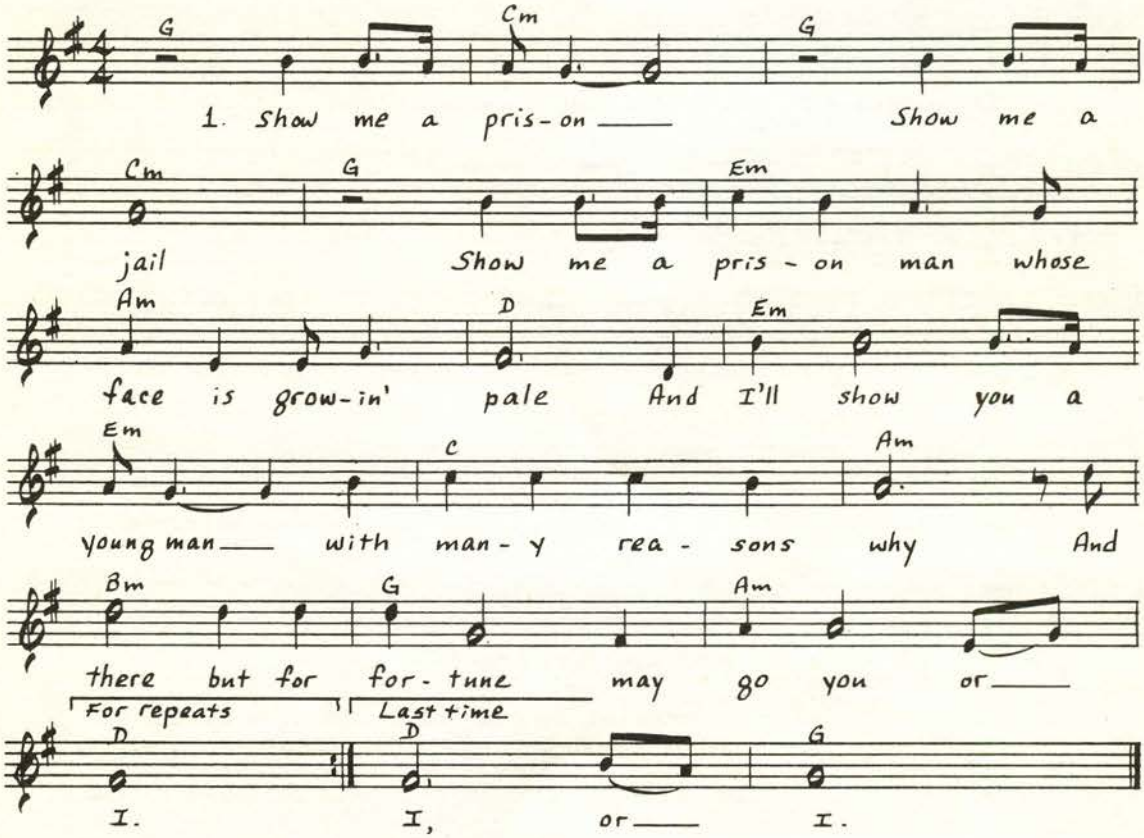
THERE BUT FOR FORTUNE

Vigorously

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

G Cm G
1. Show me a pris-on Show me a
Cm G Em
jail Show me a pris-on man whose
Am D Em
face is grow-in' pale And I'll show you a
Em C Am
young man with man-y rea-sons why And
Bm G Am
there but for for-tune may go you or
For repeats
Last time
D D G
I. I, or I.

2. Show me an alley, show me a train,
Show me a hobo who sleeps out in the rain,
And I'll show you a young man with many reasons why,
And there but for fortune may go you or I.

3. Show me the whiskey that stains on the floor,
Show me a drunken man as he stumbles out the door,
And I'll show you a young man with many reasons why,
And there but for fortune may go you or I.

4. Show me a country where the bombs had to fall,
Show me the ruins of the buildings once so tall,
And I'll show you a young land with so many reasons why,
And there but for fortune may go you or I, or I.

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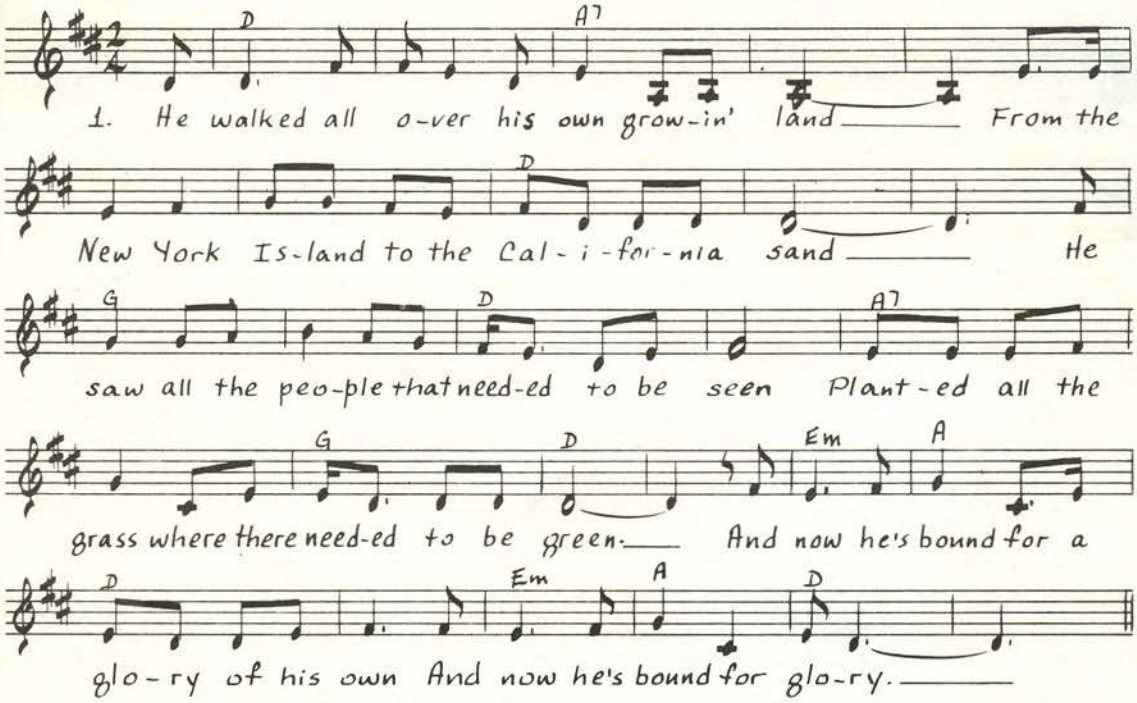
Bound For Glory

Moderately

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS



2. He wrote and he sang and he rode upon the rails,
And he got on board when the sailors had to sail;
He said all the words that needed to be said,
He fed all the hungry souls that needed to be fed.

Chorus: AND NOW HE'S BOUND FOR A GLORY OF HIS OWN,
AND NOW HE'S BOUND FOR GLORY.

3. He sang in our streets and he sang in our halls,
And he was always there when the unions gave a call;
He did all the jobs that needed to be done,
And he always stood his ground when the smaller men would run.
(CHORUS)

4. And it's "Pastures of Plenty," wrote the dust bowl balladeer,
And "This Land is Your Land" he wanted us to hear;
And the risin' of the unions will be sung about again,
The "Deportees" live on thru the power of his pen.
(CHORUS)

5. Now they sing out his praises on every distant shore,
But so few remember what he was fightin' for,
Oh why sing the songs and forget about the aim,
He wrote them for a reason why not sing them for the same.
(CHORUS)

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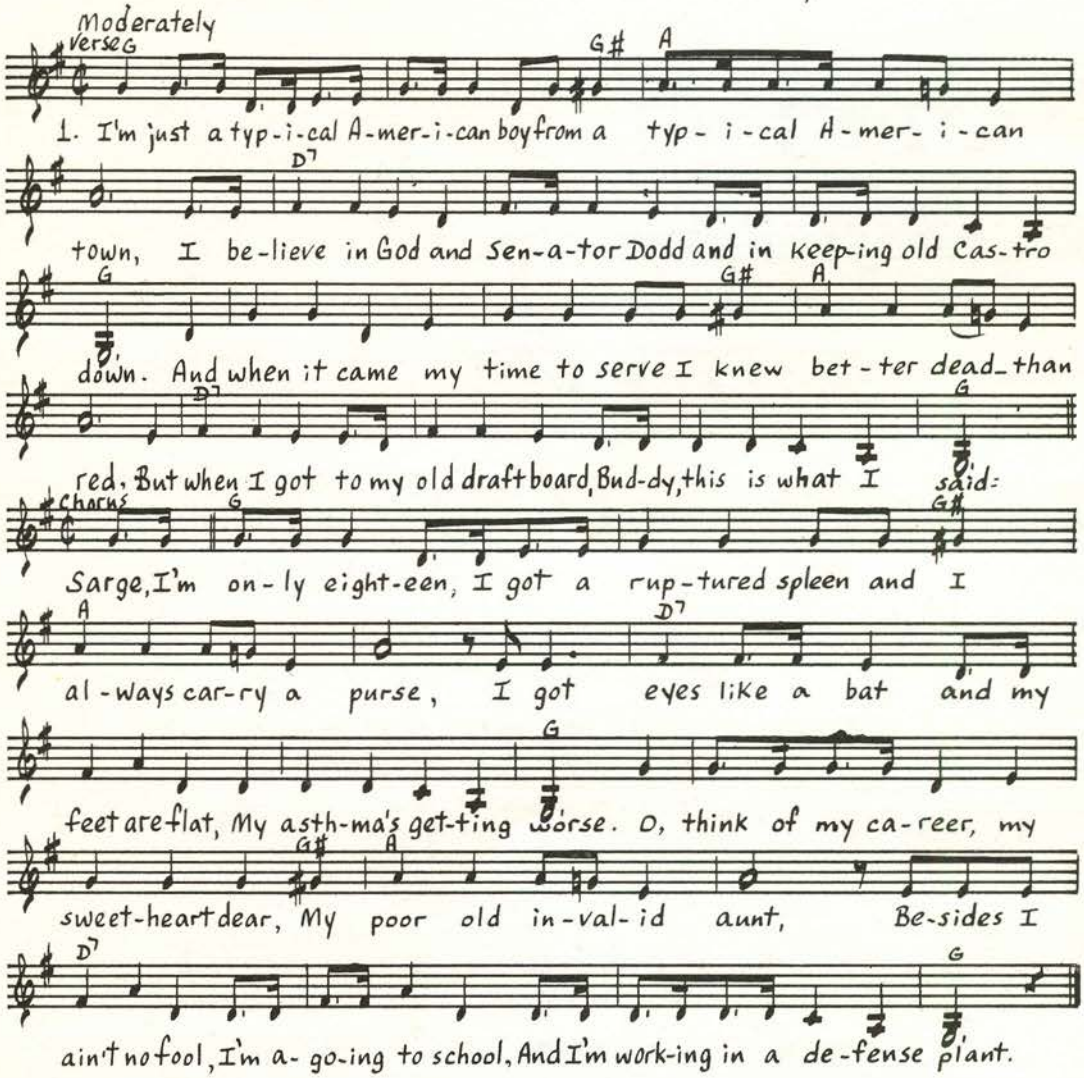
DRAFT DODGER RAG

by PHIL OCHS


Moderately
Verse
1. I'm just a typ-i-cal A-mer-i-can boy from a typ- i -cal A-mer- i -can
town, I be-lieve in God and Sen-a-tor Dodd and in keep-ing old Cas-tro
down. And when it came my time to serve I knew bet-ter dead_than
red. But when I got to my old draft board, Bud-dy, this is what I said:
Chorus
Sarge, I'm on-ly eight-een, I got a rup-tured spleen and I
al-ways car-ry a purse, I got eyes like a bat and my
feet are flat, My asth-ma's get-ting worse. O, think of my ca-reer, my
sweet-heart dear, My poor old in-val-id aunt, Be-sides I
ain't no fool, I'm a-go-ing to school, And I'm work-ing in a de-fense plant.

2. I got a dislocated disc and a racked up back,
I'm allergic to flowers and bugs
And when the bombshell hits
I get epileptic fits,
And I'm addicted to a thousand drugs.
I got the weakness woes
And I can't touch my toes,
I can hardly reach my knees
And if the enemy came close to me
I'd probably start to sneeze.

(CHORUS)

3. I hate Chou En Lai and I hope he dies,
But one thing you gotta see:
That someone's gotta go over there
And that someone isn't me.
So I wish you well,
Sarge, give 'em hell,
Yeh, kill me 'thousand or so
And if you ever get a war
Without blood and gore,
Well, I'll be the first to go.

(CHORUS)

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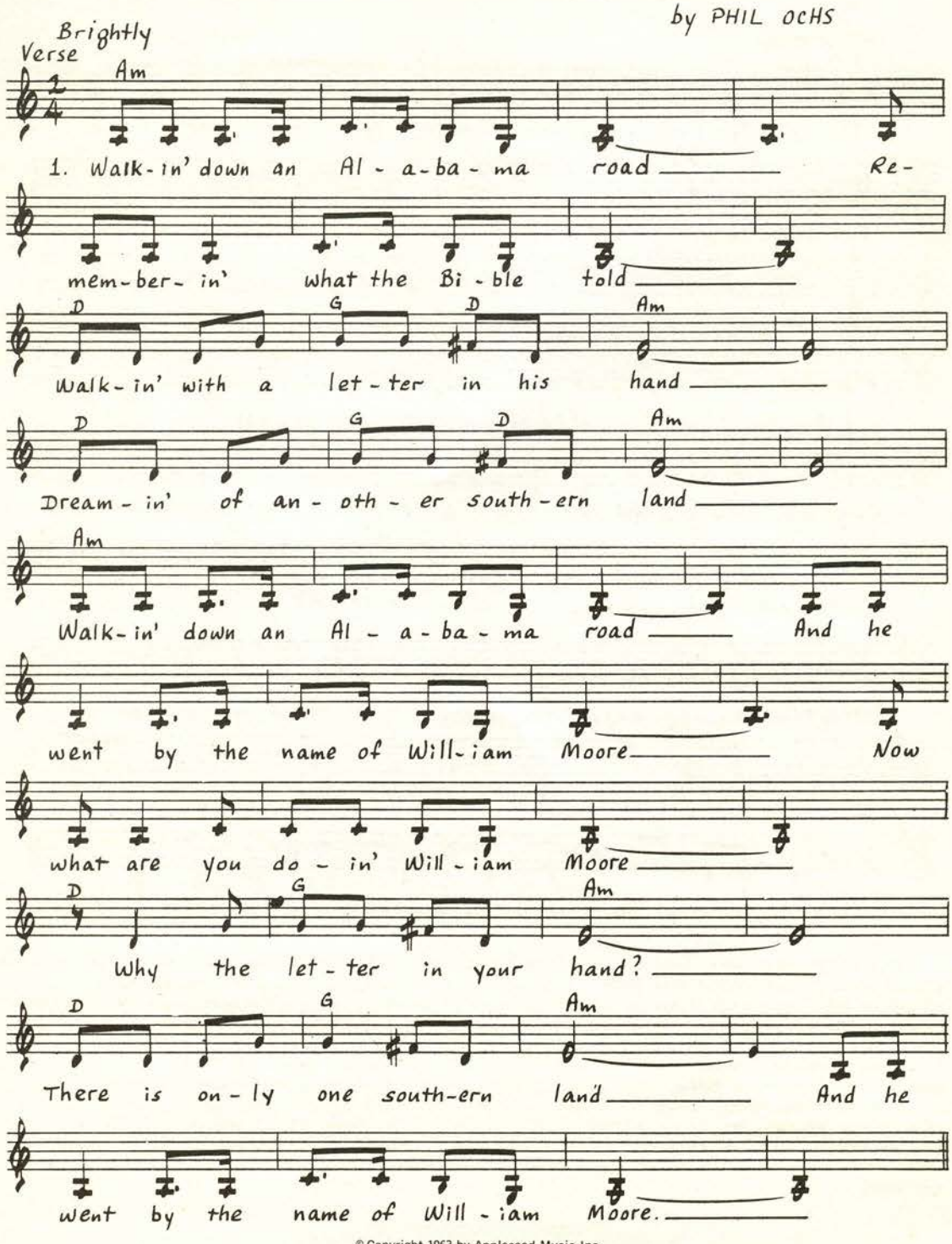
WILLIAM MOORE

by PHIL OCHS

Brightly
Verse
Am
1. Walk-in' down an Al-a-ba-ma road Re-
mem-ber-in' what the Bi-ble told
D G D Am
Walk-in' with a let-ter in his hand
D G D Am
Dream-in' of an-oth-er south-ern land
Am
Walk-in' down an Al-a-ba-ma road And he
went by the name of Will-iam Moore Now
what are you do-in' Will-iam Moore
D G Am
Why the let-ter in your hand?
D G Am
There is on-ly one south-ern land And he
went by the name of Will-iam Moore.

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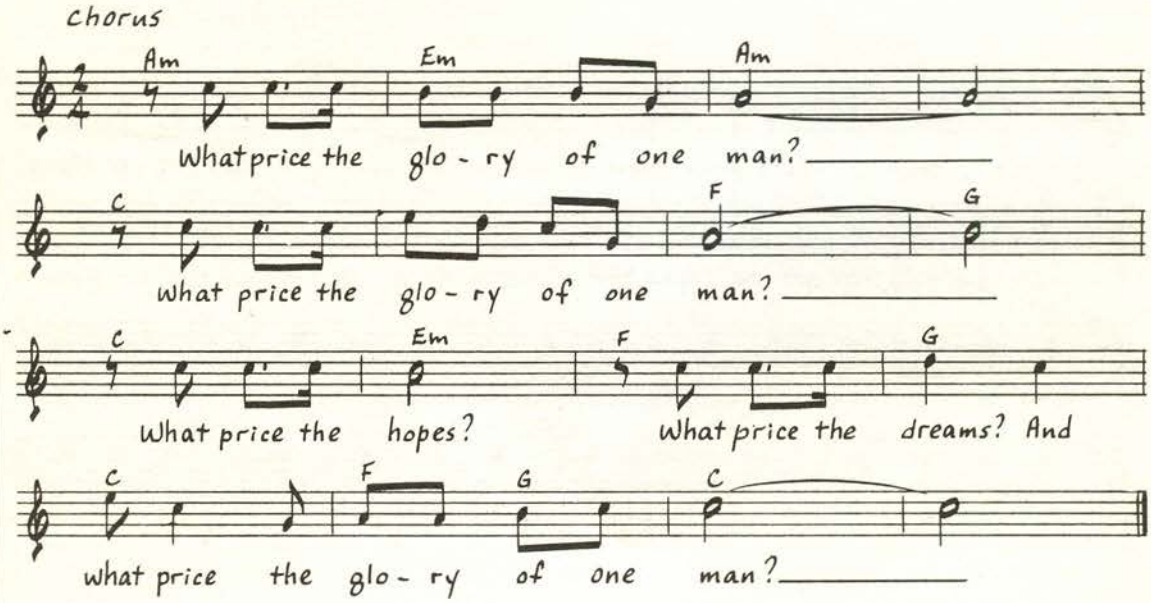

2. Rememberin' what his grandfather done,
Fought for the South in '61;
A hundred years have passed by since then,
Now a Moore is fighting for the South again;
Rememberin' what his grandfather done,
Rememberin' the time in World War II;
And the South Pacific island that he knew,
Rememberin' the young men that he killed,
And the prayin' that the guns of hate be stilled
Rememberin' the time in World War II.

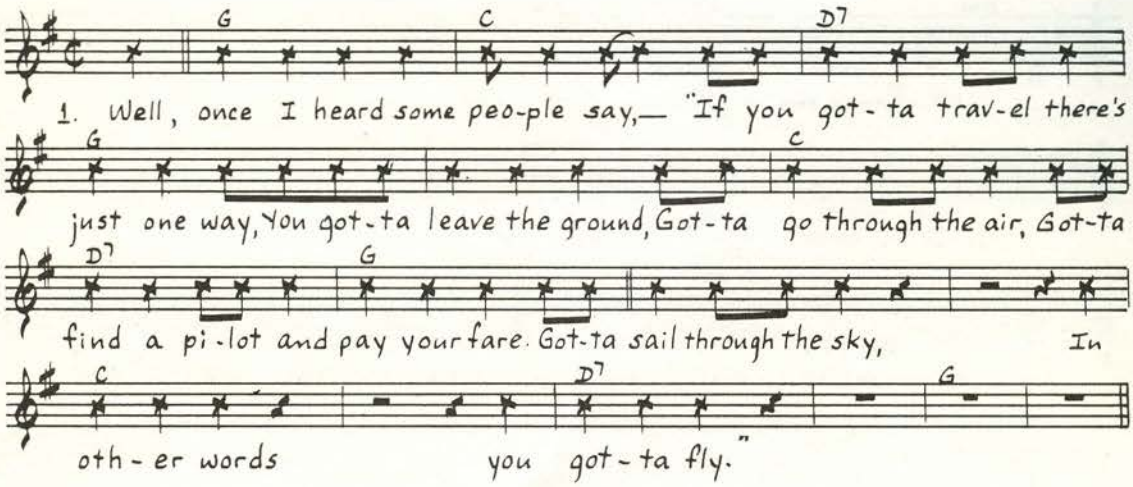
(CHORUS)

3. And they shot him on the Alabama road,
Forgot about what the Bible told,
They shot him with that letter in his hand,
As though he were a dog and not a man;
Shot him on the Alabama road,
Did you say it was a shame when he died?
Did you say he was a fool because he tried?
Did you wonder who had fired the gun?
Did you know that it was you that fired the gun?
Did you say it was a shame when he died?

(CHORUS)

TALKING PLANE DISASTER

by PHIL OCHS


G C D7
1. Well, once I heard some peo-ple say,— "If you got-ta trav-el there's
G C
just one way, You got-ta leave the ground, Got-ta go through the air, Got-ta
D7 G
find a pi-lot and pay your fare. Got-ta sail through the sky, In
C D7 G
oth-er words you got-ta fly."

2. Yes, statistics show it's the way to go,
Well, it's safer than your car, you know;
It's safer than your home, safer than your street,
About the safest place to put your feet!
Statistics don't lie...
But statistics don't die, either.

3. Well, once I heard Bob Dylan say:
You gotta take a train -- it's the only way;
Well, nothin' ever happens to trains at all --
There was just one accident he could recall:
A plane crashed into it...
People flying in all directions, then.

4. One day when the sky was blue,
I boarded a plane and off we flew,
Looked out the window, insurance in my hand,
Just like Columbus searching for land;
Swearin' I'd never fly again...
Just like the last time.

5. Then one of the stewardesses ambled by,
And suddenly I wasn't afraid to die;
She brought me coffee, pillows and tea,
Said, "You're as safe as you can be"
Said there's nothing to worry about...
Then she flew out the door somebody forgot to close right.

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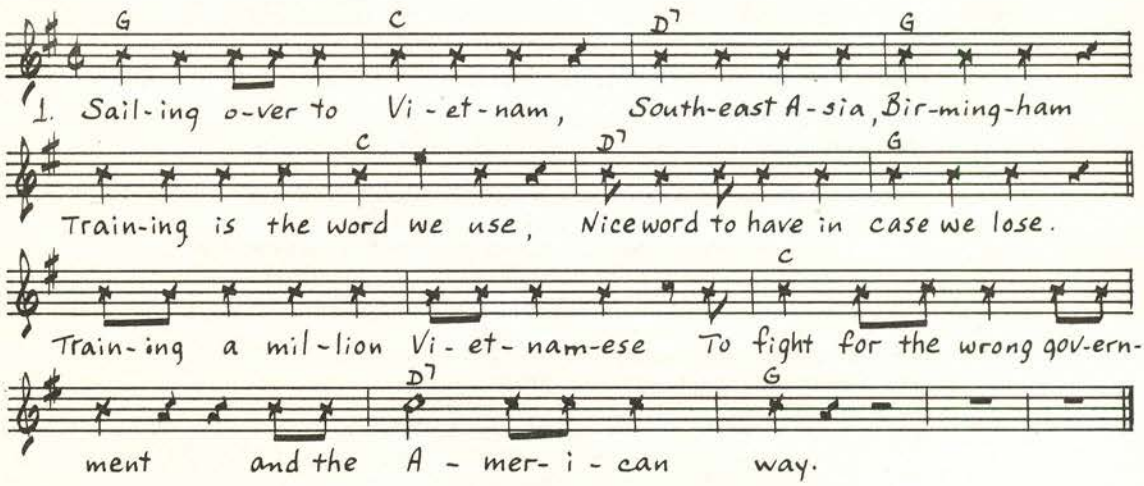
6. The plane kept going higher and higher,
I could swear both the wings were on fire,
So I opened the cockpit door
And the pilot was layin' on the floor
With the other stewardess...
She said, "Fly now and pay later"...

7. Then the plane dropped down about a mile or two,
She lurched about, I swore I was through;
My stomach was heavin' -- it was tied in a knot --
Little paper bag was all I got --
That's the bag I'm in...Pilot said we hit an air pocket...
Must've been a pocket with an awful big hole in it...

8. Well, at last the trip was near the end,
The airport was comin' round the bend,
But all my anxious eyes could see
Was a thousand planes in the vicinity;
They was landin' and leavin' and wavin' at each other,
Wing to wing and brother to brother,
The pilot was swearin' and swervin' around,
But he said, "Don't worry, we have radar on the ground."
I wasn't worried...I was crawlin' up the aisle
Screamin': "Jesus Saves!"

9. The trip didn't do me too much harm,
But I did spend a year on the happy-farm;
They couldn't understand why I kissed the ground,
Chewed the concrete and swallowed it down;
Sure tasted good...Like LaGuardia dirt should.

TALKING VIETNAM

by PHIL OCHS

G C D7 G
1. Sail-ing o-ver to Vi-et-nam, South-east A-sia, Bir-ming-ham
C D7 G
Train-ing is the word we use, Nice word to have in case we lose.
C
Train-ing a mil-lion Vi-et-nam-ese To fight for the wrong gov-ern-
D7 G
ment and the A-mer-i-can way.

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2. They put me in a barracks house,
Just across the way from Laos,
They said, "You're pretty safe when the troops deploy,
But don't turn your back on the the house boy."
When they ring the gong --
Watch out for the Vietcong.

3. The sergeant said, "It's time to train"
So I climbed aboard my Helicopter plane;
We flew above the battle-ground,
A sniper tried to shoot us down!
He must've forgot we're only trainees...
Them commies never fight fair...

4. The very next day we trained some more,
We burned some villages down to the floor;
Burned out the jungles far and wide,
Made sure those red apes had no place left to hide.
Threw all the people in relocation camps...
Under lock and key...Made damn sure they're free!

5. Walked through the jungle around the bend,
Who should I meet but the ghost of President Diem!
He said, "You're fighting to keep Vietnam free
For good old Diem-ocracy!
That means rule by one family...and 15,000 American troops...
Give or take a few thousand...

6. He said, "I was a fine old Christian man
Ruling this backward Buddhist land
Well, it ain't much, but what the heck,
Sure beats hell out of Chiang Kai Chek"
"I'm the power elite...
Me and the Seventh Fleet..."

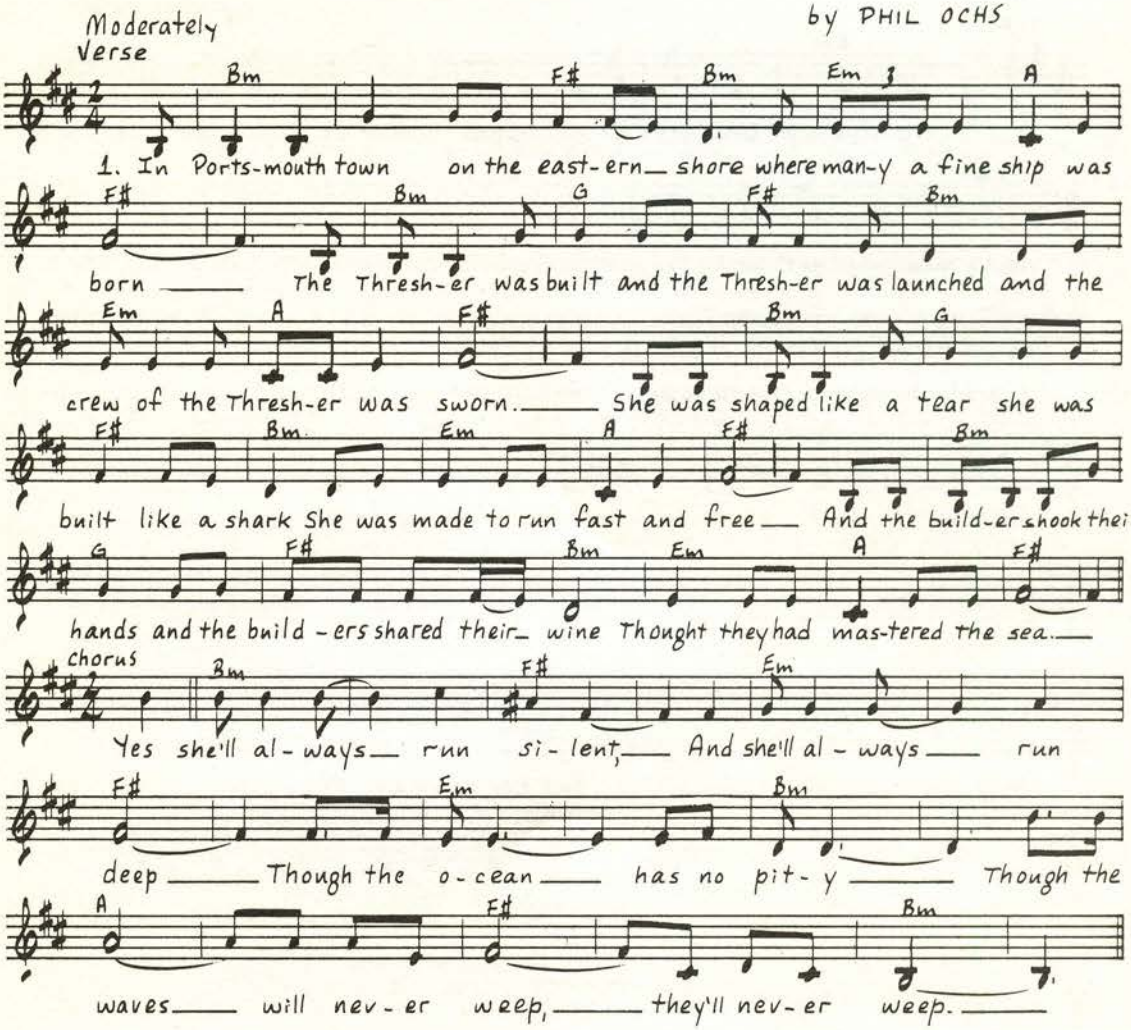
7. He said, "Meet my sister, Madame Nhu --
The sweetheart of Dienbienphu;
Meet my brothers, meet my aunts --
We're the government that doesn't take a chance --
Families that slay together...
Stay together.

8. He said, "If you want to stay well, you have to pay
Over a million dollars a day;
But it's worth it all, now don't you see?
If you lose the country -- you still have me!
Me and Sygman Rhee, Chiang Kai Chek...Madame Nhu...
Like I said on Meet the Press: I regret that I
have but one country to give for my life!

9. Now old Diem is gone and dead,
All the new leaders are anti-Red;
They're pro-American freedom sensations,
Against Red China in the United Nations --
And now all the news commentators and the CIA are sayin'
Thank God for coincidence...!

THRESHER

by PHIL OCHS


Moderately
Verse
Bm F# Bm Em A
1. In Ports-mouth town on the east-ern shore where man-y a fine ship was
F# Bm G F# Bm
born The Thresh-er was built and the Thresh-er was launched and the
Em A F# Bm G
crew of the Thresh-er was sworn. She was shaped like a tear she was
F# Bm Em A F# Bm
built like a shark She was made to run fast and free And the build-er shook their
G F# Bm Em A F#
hands and the build-ers shared their wine Thought they had mas-tered the sea.
Chorus
Bm F# Em
Yes she'll al-ways run si-lent, And she'll al-ways run
F# Em Bm
deep Though the o-cean has no pit-y Though the
A F# Bm
waves will nev-er weep, they'll nev-er weep.

2. And they marveled at her speed, marveled at her depth, marveled at her deadly design;
And they sailed to every land, and they sailed to every port, just to see what faults they could find;
Then they put her on the land for nine months to stand, and they worked on her from stem to stern,
But they could never see it was their coffin to be, for the sea was waitin' for their return.
(CHORUS)

3. On a cold Wednesday morn they put her out to sea when the waves were nine feet high,
And they dove 'neath the waves and they dove to their graves, and they never said a last goodbye;
And it's deeper and deeper and deeper they dove, just to see what their ship could stand,
But the hull gave a moan and the hull gave a groan, and they plunged to the deepest, darkest sand.
Now she lies in the depths of the darkened ocean floor covered by the waters cold and still,
Oh, can't you see the wrong, she was a death ship all along, died before she had a chance to kill.

CHORUS: And she'll never run silent, she'll never run deep,
For the ocean had no pity and the waves they never weeped,
They never weeped.

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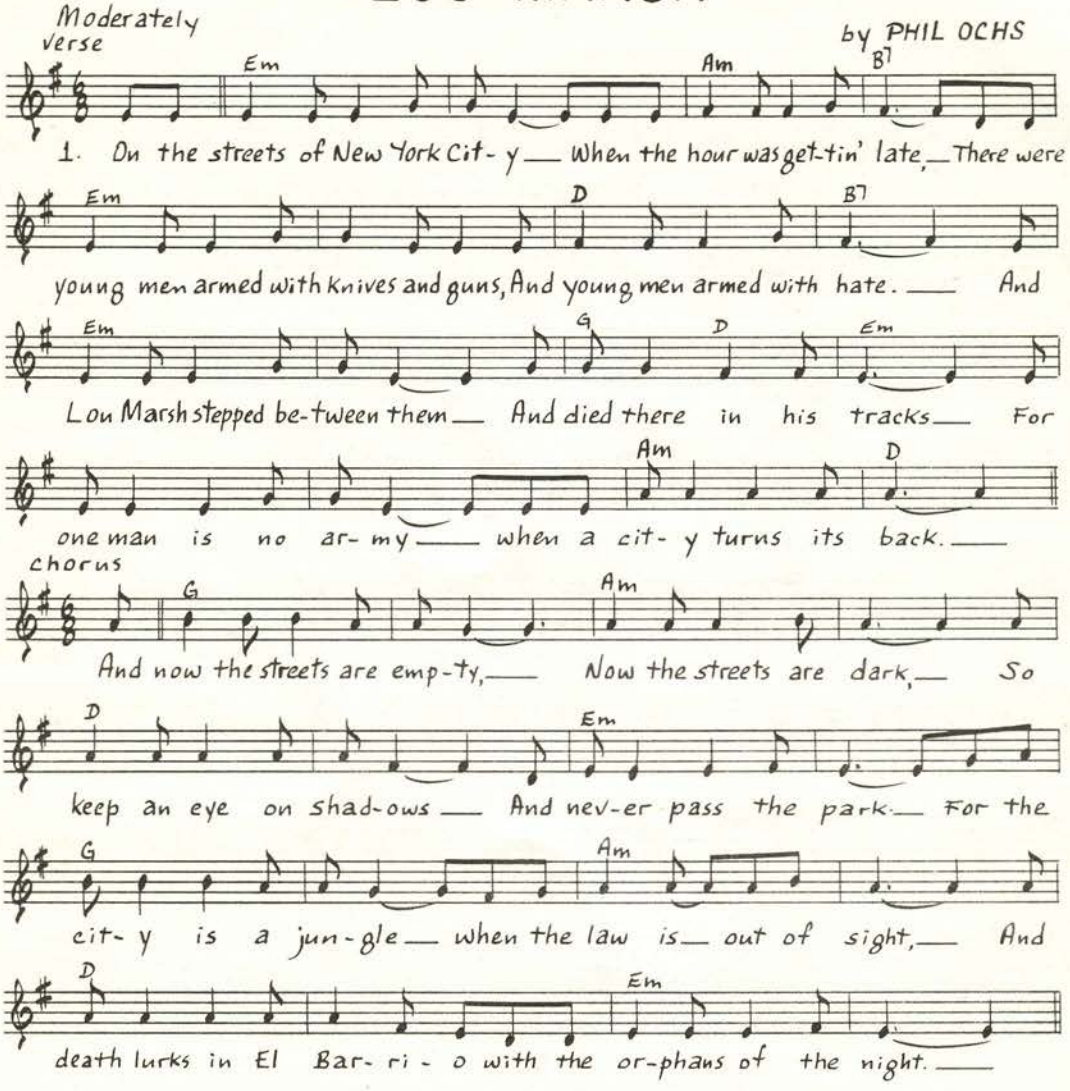
LOU MARSH


Moderately
verse
by PHIL OCHS
Em
Am
B7
1. On the streets of New York Cit- y — When the hour was get-tin' late, — There were
Em
D
B7
young men armed with knives and guns, And young men armed with hate. — And
Em
G
D
Em
Lou Marsh stepped be-tween them — And died there in his tracks — For
Am
D
one man is no ar- my — when a cit- y turns its back. —
chorus
G
Am
And now the streets are emp-ty, — Now the streets are dark, — So
D
Em
keep an eye on shad-ows — And nev-er pass the park — For the
G
Am
cit- y is a jun-gle — when the law is — out of sight, — And
D
Em
death lurks in El Bar- ri - o with the or-phans of the night. —

2. He left behind the chambers of the church he served so long,
For he learned the prayers of distant men will never right the wrongs;
His church became an alley and his pulpit was the street,
And he made his congregation from the boys he used to meet.
(CHORUS)

3. There were two gangs approaching in Spanish Harlem town;
The smell of blood was in the air, the challenge was laid down;
He felt their blinding hatred and he tried to save their lives --
And the answer that they gave him was their fists and feet and knives.
(CHORUS)

4. Now Lou Marsh lies forgotten in his cold and silent grave,
But his memory still lingers on in those he tried to save;
And all of us who knew him will now and then recall,
And shed a tear on poverty -- the tombstone of us all.
(CHORUS)

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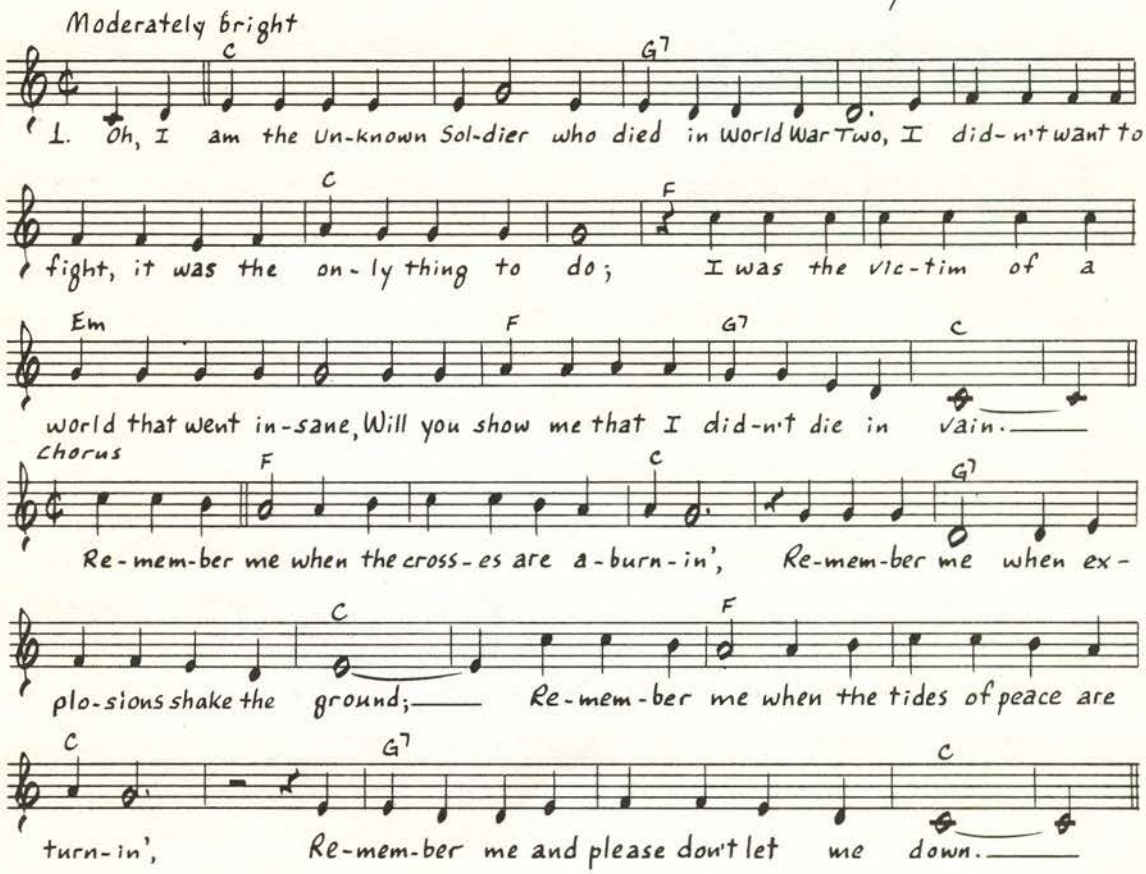
REMEMBER ME

by PHIL OCHS


Moderately bright
C
G7
1. Oh, I am the Un-known Sol-dier who died in World War Two, I did-n't want to
C
F
fight, it was the on-ly thing to do; I was the vic-tim of a
Em
F
G7
C
world that went in-sane, Will you show me that I did-n't die in vain.
Chorus
F
C
G7
Re-mem-ber me when the cross-es are a-burn-in', Re-mem-ber me when ex-
C
F
plo-sions shake the ground; Re-mem-ber me when the tides of peace are
C
G7
C
turn-in', Re-mem-ber me and please don't let me down.

2. On Wake and Okinawa and the Iwo Jima sands,
We raised the flag of freedom over many distant lands;
And every time I killed a man my own heart felt the pain --
Will you show me that I didn't die in vain.

(CHORUS)

3. And I carried my old rifle to the European shore,
And every friend that died made me die a little more;
And I never saw the man who put a bullet through my brain --
Show me that I didn't die in vain.

(CHORUS)

4. When the fascists started marching many millions had to pay;
We saw them rise to power but we looked the other way.
It happened once before and it can happen once again --
Will you show me that I didn't die in vain.

(CHORUS)

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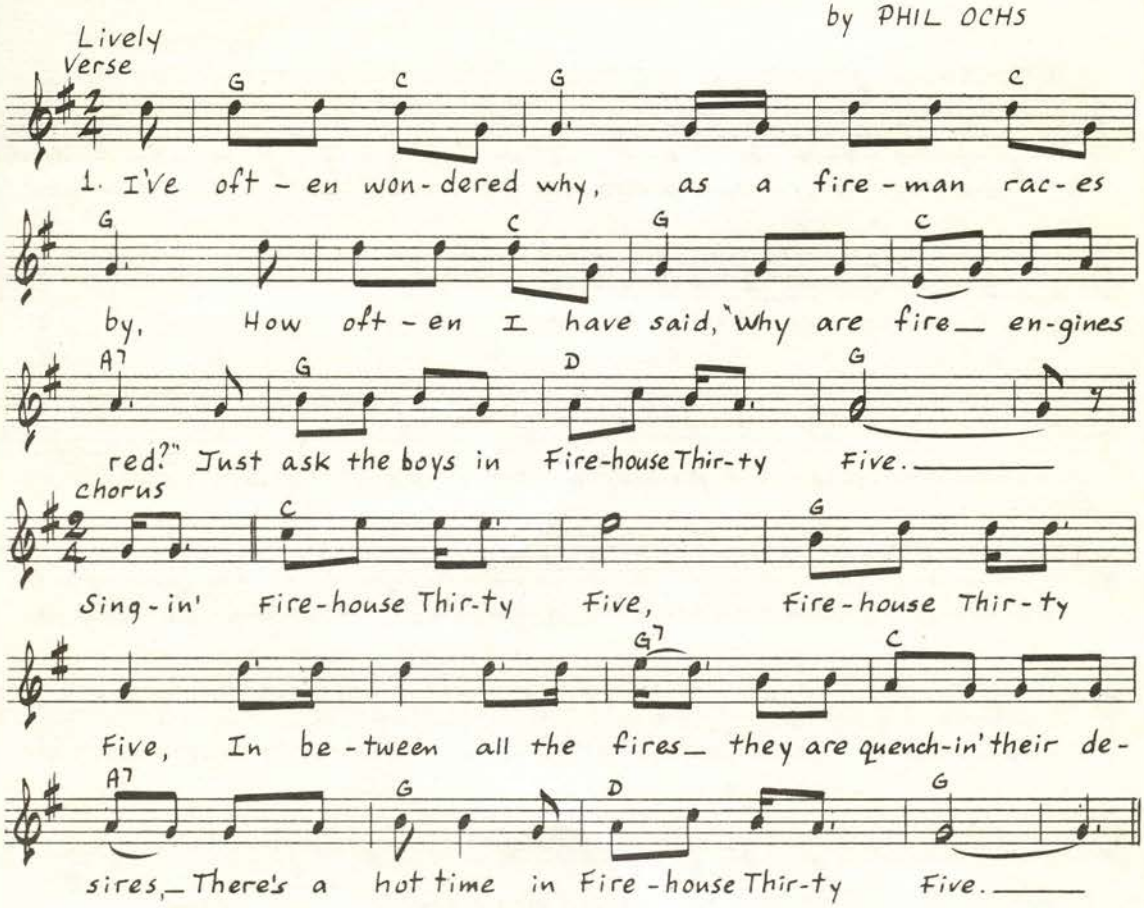
FIREHOUSE 35

by PHIL OCHS


Lively
Verse
1. I've oft - en won - dered why, as a fire - man rac - es
by, How oft - en I have said, "why are fire_ en-gines
red?" Just ask the boys in Fire-house Thir-ty Five.
Chorus
Sing - in' Fire-house Thir-ty Five, Fire-house Thir - ty
Five, In be - tween all the fires_ they are quench-in' their de -
sires,_ There's a hot time in Fire - house Thir-ty Five.

2. It's a sin and it's a shame, I thought checkers was their game,
But I found to my surprise why there's fire in their eyes,
Just ask the boys in Firehouse 35.

(CHORUS)

3. It's a fire marshal's dream, they blow away their steam,
But to make them leave their charms you need four or five alarms,
Just ask the boys in Firehouse 35.

(CHORUS)

4. So here's a root and here's a toot for the gals of ill repute,
At last it can be told why they're racin' up those poles,
Just ask the boys in Firehouse 35.

(CHORUS)

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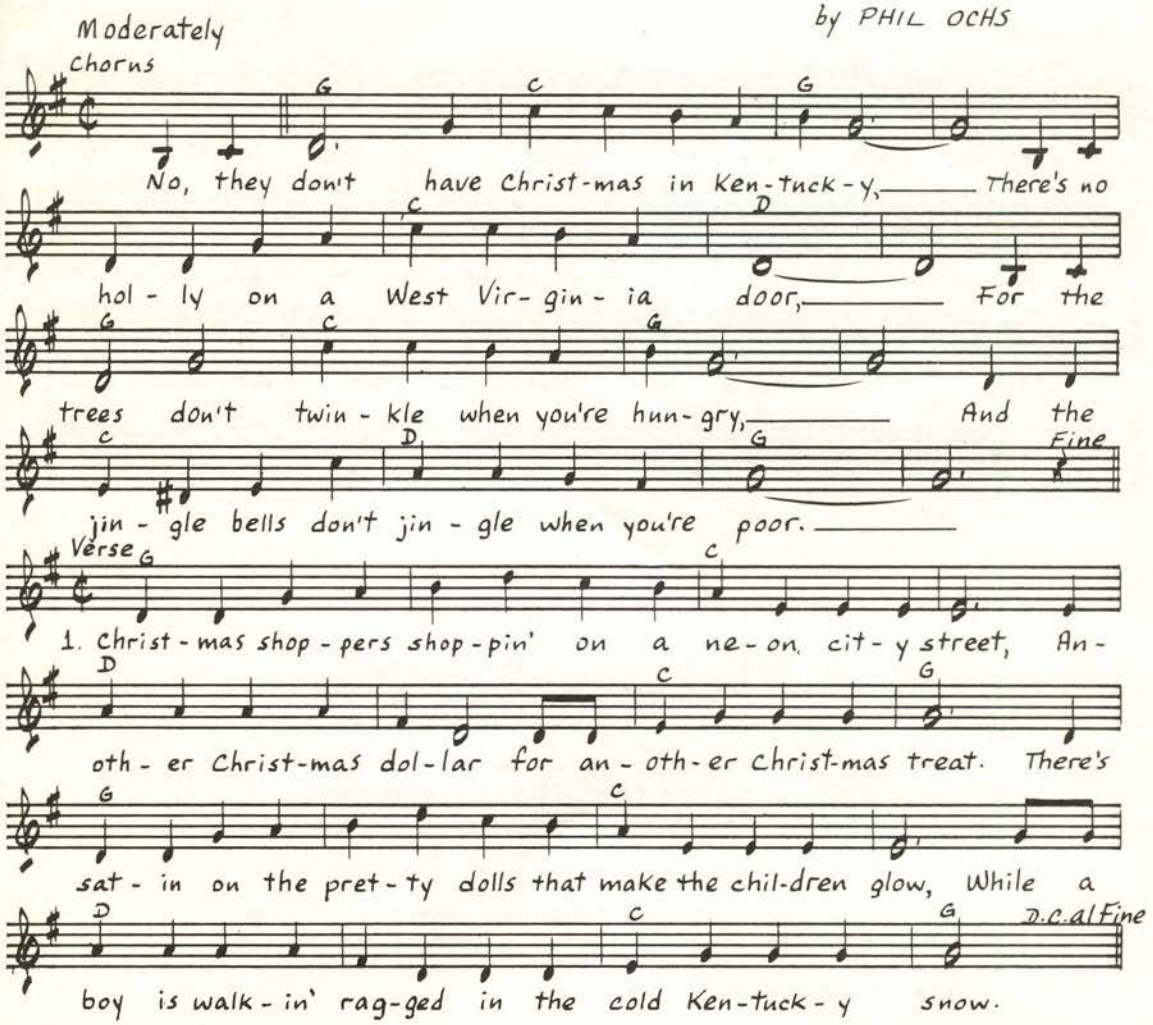
NO CHRISTMAS IN KENTUCKY

by PHIL OCHS


Moderately
Chorus
No, they don't have Christ-mas in Ken-tuck-y, There's no
hol-ly on a West Vir-gin-ia door, For the
trees don't twin-kle when you're hun-gry, And the
jin-gle bells don't jin-gle when you're poor.
Fine
Verse
1. Christ-mas shop-pers shop-pin' on a ne-on cit-y street, An-
oth-er Christ-mas dol-lar for an-oth-er christ-mas treat. There's
sat-in on the pret-ty dolls that make the chil-dren glow, While a
D.C. al Fine
boy is walk-in' rag-ged in the cold Ken-tuck-y snow.

2. There's lots of toys for children when the Christmas time is near,
But the present for the miners is a stockin' full of fear;
In the dark hills of Kentucky there's one gift that may be found,
It's the coal dust of forgotten days that's lyin' on the ground.
(CHORUS)

3. Let's drink a toast to Congress and a toast to Santa Claus,
And a toast to all the speeches that ring to loud applause;
There's not enough to give, there's just not enough to share,
So drown the sounds of sorrow with a hearty Christmas cheer.
(CHORUS)

4. Have a merry, merry Christmas and a happy New Year's Day,
For now's a time of plenty and plenty's here to stay;
But if you knew what Christmas was, I think that you would find
That Christ is spending Christmas in the cold Kentucky mines.
(CHORUS)

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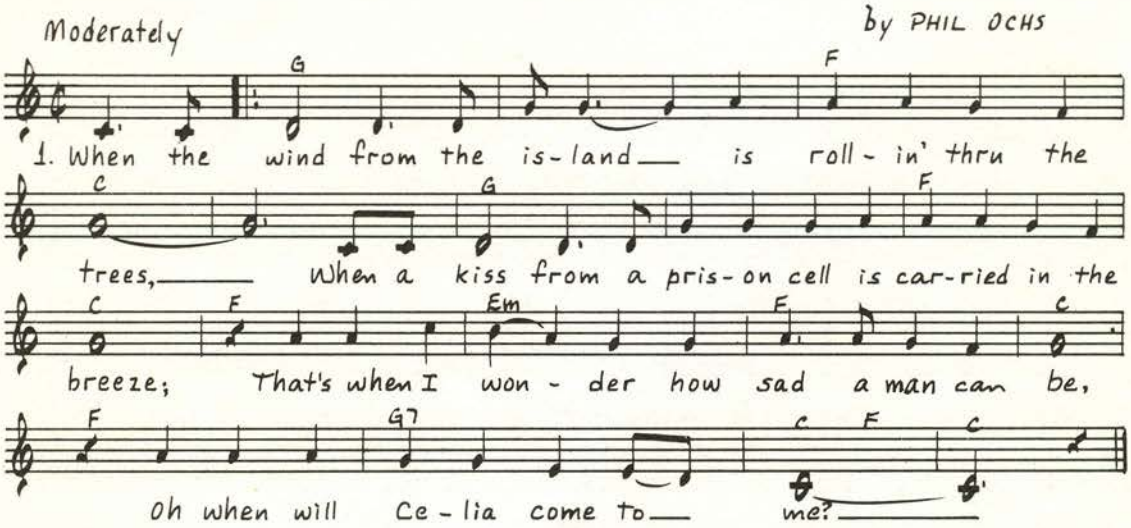
CELIA

Moderately
by PHIL OCHS
1. When the wind from the is-land is roll-in' thru the
trees, When a kiss from a pris-on cell is car-ried in the
breeze; That's when I won-der how sad a man can be,
Oh when will Ce-lia come to me?

2. I still remember the mountains of the war --
Sierra Madre and the Philipino shore;
When will I lie beside my Celia 'neath the trees?
Oh when will Celia come to me?

3. So many years were stolen, so many years are gone,
And the vision of my Celia made dreams to dream upon;
Each hour is a day filled with memories --
Oh when will Celia come to me?

4. I wake each morning and I watch the sun arise;
Wonder if my Celia sleeps, wonder if she cries,
If hate must be my prison lock, then love must be the key --
Oh when will Celia come to me?

5. The guns have stopped their firing, you may wander thru the hills;
They kept my Celia thru the war, they keep her from me, still --
She waits upon the island, now a prisoner of the sea --
Oh when will Celia come to me?

6. When the wind from the island is rolling thru the trees,
When a kiss from a prison cell is carried in the breeze,
That's when I wonder how sad a man can be --
Oh when will Celia come to me?

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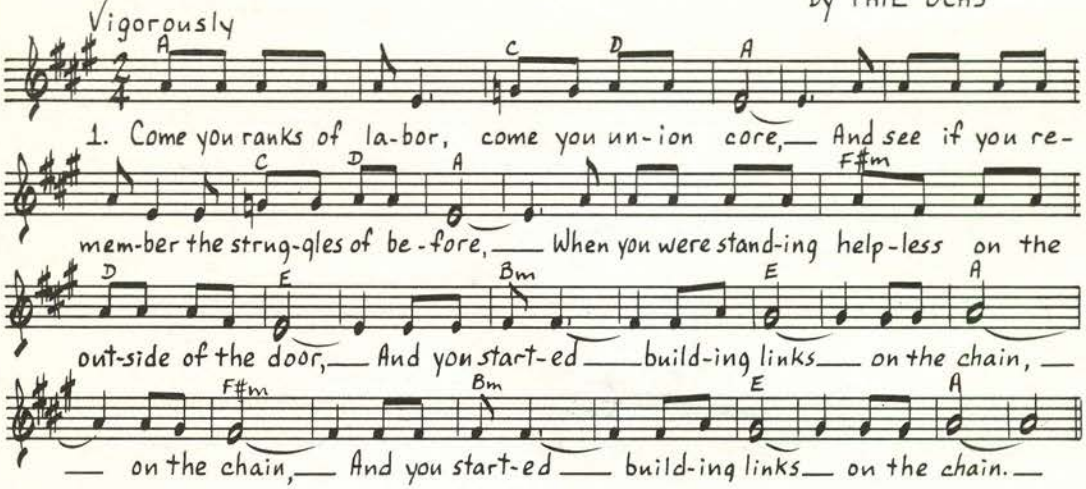
LINKS ON THE CHAIN

by PHIL OCHS

Vigorously
1. Come you ranks of la-bor, come you un-ion core, And see if you re-
mem-ber the strug-gles of be-fore, When you were stand-ing help-less on the
out-side of the door, And you start-ed build-ing links on the chain,
on the chain, And you start-ed build-ing links on the chain.

2. When the police on the horses were waitin' on demand,
Ridin' through the strike with the pistols in their hands,
Swingin' at the skulls of many a union man,
As you built one more link on the chain, on the chain,
As you built one more link on the chain.

3. Then the army of the fascists tried to put you on the run,
But the army of the union, they did what could be done,
Oh, the power of the factory was greater than the gun,
As you built one more link on the chain, on the chain,
As you built one more link on the chain.

4. And then in 1954, decisions finally made,
The black man was a-risin' fast and racin' from the shade,
And your union took no stand and your union was betrayed,
As you lost yourself a link on the chain, on the chain,
As you lost yourself a link on the chain.

5. And then there came the boycotts and then the freedom rides,
And forgetting what you stood for, you tried to block the tide,
Oh, the automation bosses were laughin' on the side,
As they watched you lose your link on the chain, on the chain,
As they watched you lose your link on the chain.

6. You know when the block your trucks boys, by layin' on the road,
All that they are doin' is all that you have showed,
That you gotta strike, you gotta fight to get what you are owed,
When you're building all your links on the chain, on the chain,
When you're building all your links on the chain.

7. And the man who tries to tell you that they'll take your job away,
He's the same man who was scabbin' hard just the other day,
And your union's not a union till he's thrown out of the way,
And he's chokin' on your links of the chain, of the chain,
And he's chokin' on your links of the chain.

8. For now the times are tellin' you the times are rollin' on,
And you're fighting for the same thing, the jobs that will be gone,
Now it's only fair to ask you boys, which side are you on
As you're buildin' all your links on the chain, on the chain,
As you're buildin' all your links on the chain.

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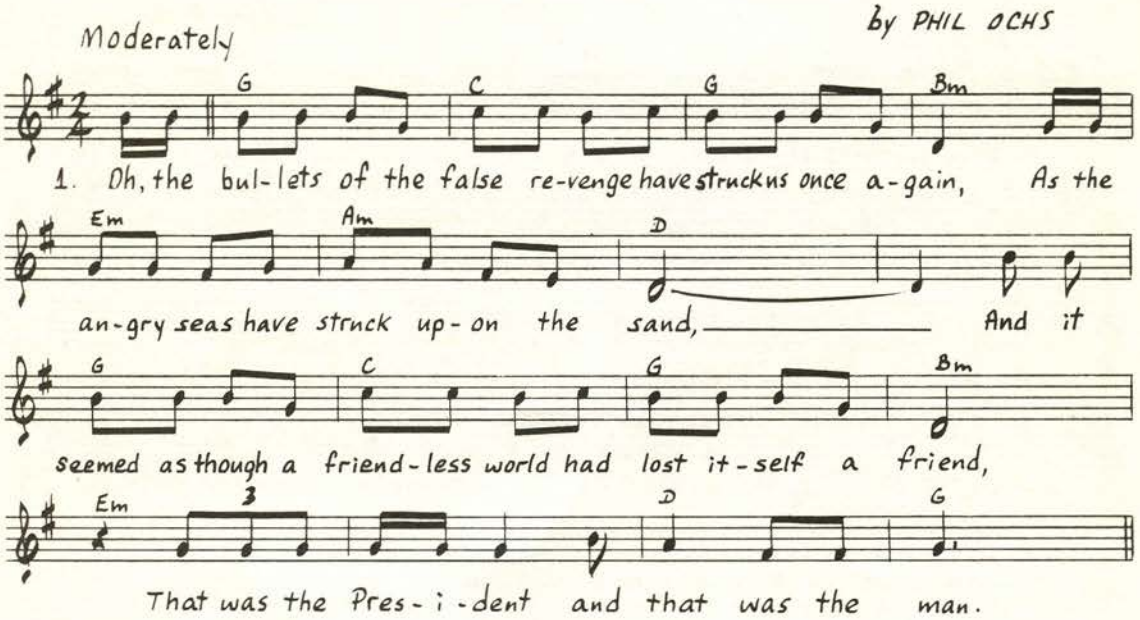
THAT WAS THE PRESIDENT

by PHIL OCHS


Moderately
G C G Bm
1. Oh, the bul-lets of the false re-venge have struck us once a-gain, As the
Em Am D
an-gry seas have struck up-on the sand, And it
G C G Bm
seemed as though a friend-less world had lost it-self a friend,
Em D G
That was the Pres-i-dent and that was the man.

2. Oh, I still can see him smiling there and waving at the crowd,
As he drove through the music of the band;
And never even knowin' no more time would be allowed,
Not for the President and not for the man.

3. Here's a memory to share, here's a memory to save,
Of the sudden early ending of command.
But a part of you, a part of me is buried in his grave,
That was the President and that was the man.

4. It's not only for the leader that the sorrow hit so hard,
There are greater things I'll never understand.
How a man so filled with life even death was caught off guard,
That was the President and that was the man.

5. Everything he might have done and all he could have been,
Was proven by the troubled traitor's hand.
For what other death could wound the hearts of so many men,
That was the President and that was the man.

6. Yes, the glory that was Lincoln's never died when he was slain,
It's been carried over time and time again;
And to the list of honor you may add another name,
That was the President and that was the man.

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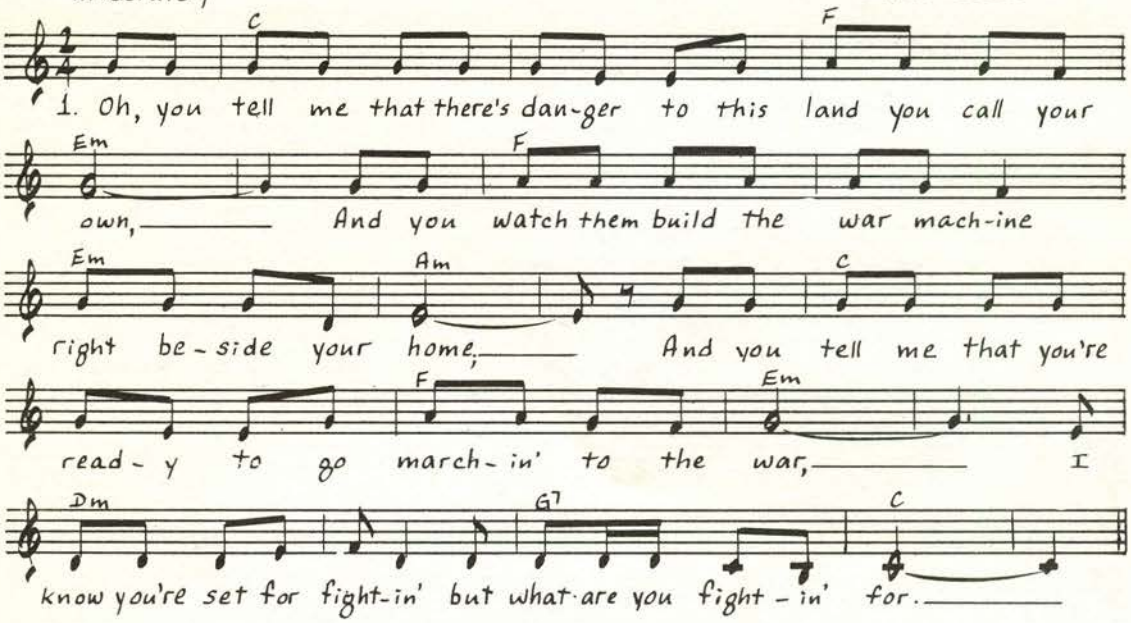
WHAT ARE YOU FIGHTING FOR?

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS



2. Before you pack your rifle and go sailing 'cross the sea,
Just think upon the southern part of land that you call free;
Oh, there's many kinds of slavery and we found many more,
I know you're set for fightin', but what are you fightin' for?

3. And before you walk out on your job in answer to the call,
Just think about the millions who have no job at all,
And the men who wait for handouts with their eyes upon the floor,
I know you're set for fightin', but what are you fightin' for?

4. Read your morning papers, read every single line,
And tell me if you can believe that simple world you find;
Read every slanted word till your eyes are gettin' sore,
I know you're set for fightin', but what are you fightin' for?

5. And listen to your leaders, the ones that won the race,
As they stand there right before you and lie into your face;
If you ever tried to buy them you know what they stand for,
I know you're set for fightin', but what are you fightin' for?

6. Put ragged clothes upon your back and sleep upon the ground,
And tell police about your rights as they drag you down,
And ask them as they lead you to some deserted door,
I know you're set for fightin', but what are you fightin' for?

7. But the hardest thing I'll ask you if you will only try,
Is take your children by their hands and look into their eyes;
And there you'll see the answer you should have seen before --
If you'll win the wars at home, they'll be no fighting anymore.

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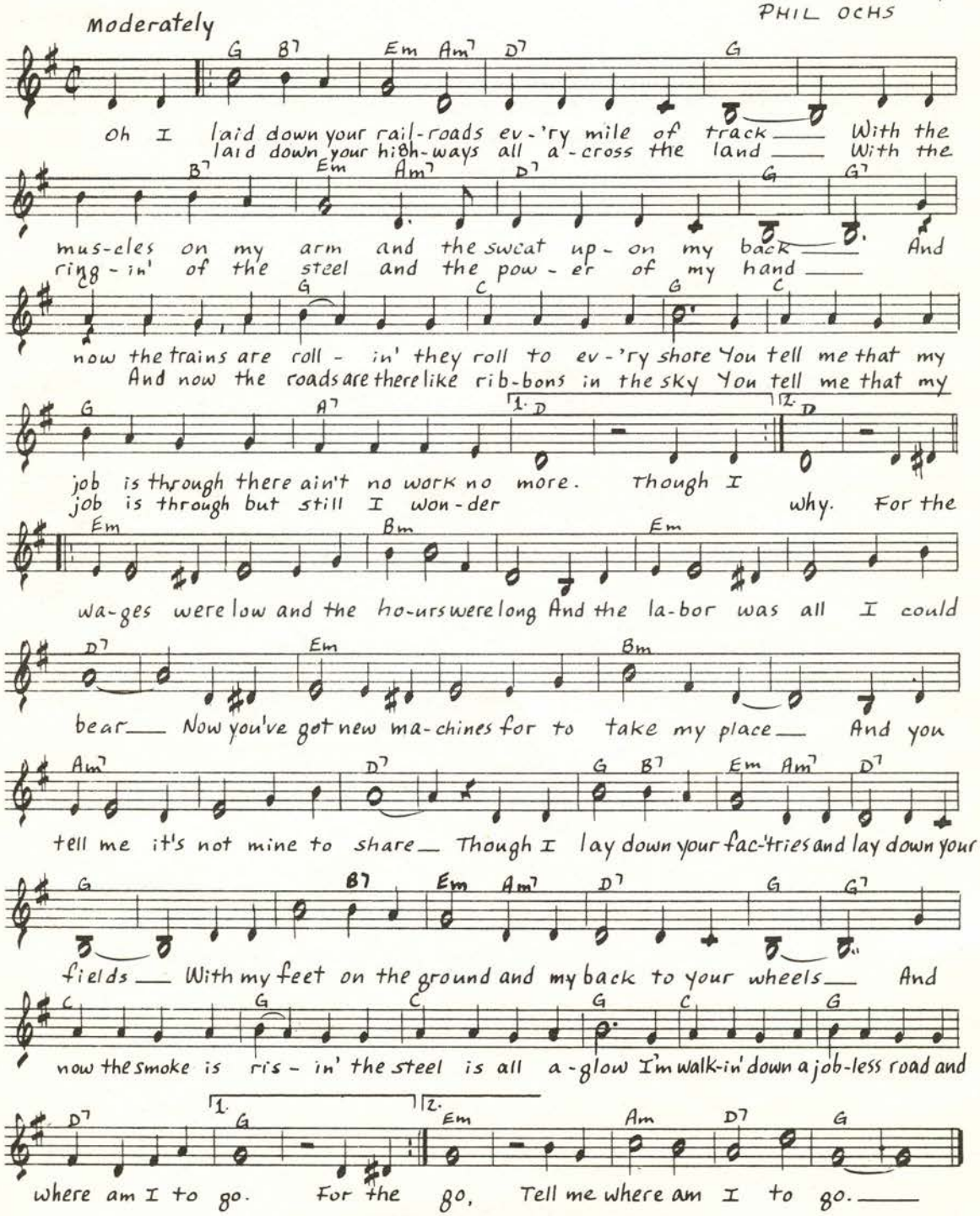
AUTOMATION SONG

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS


Moderately
Oh I laid down your rail-roads ev-'ry mile of track With the
laid down your high-ways all a-cross the land With the
mus-cles on my arm and the sweat up-on my back And
ring-in' of the steel and the pow-er of my hand
now the trains are roll-in' they roll to ev-'ry shore You tell me that my
And now the roads are there like rib-bons in the sky You tell me that my
job is through there ain't no work no more. Though I
job is through but still I won-der why. For the
wa-ges were low and the ho-urs were long And the la-bor was all I could
bear Now you've got new ma-chines for to take my place And you
tell me it's not mine to share Though I lay down your fac-'tries and lay down your
fields With my feet on the ground and my back to your wheels And
now the smoke is ris-in' the steel is all a-glow I'm walk-in' down a job-less road and
where am I to go. For the go, Tell me where am I to go.

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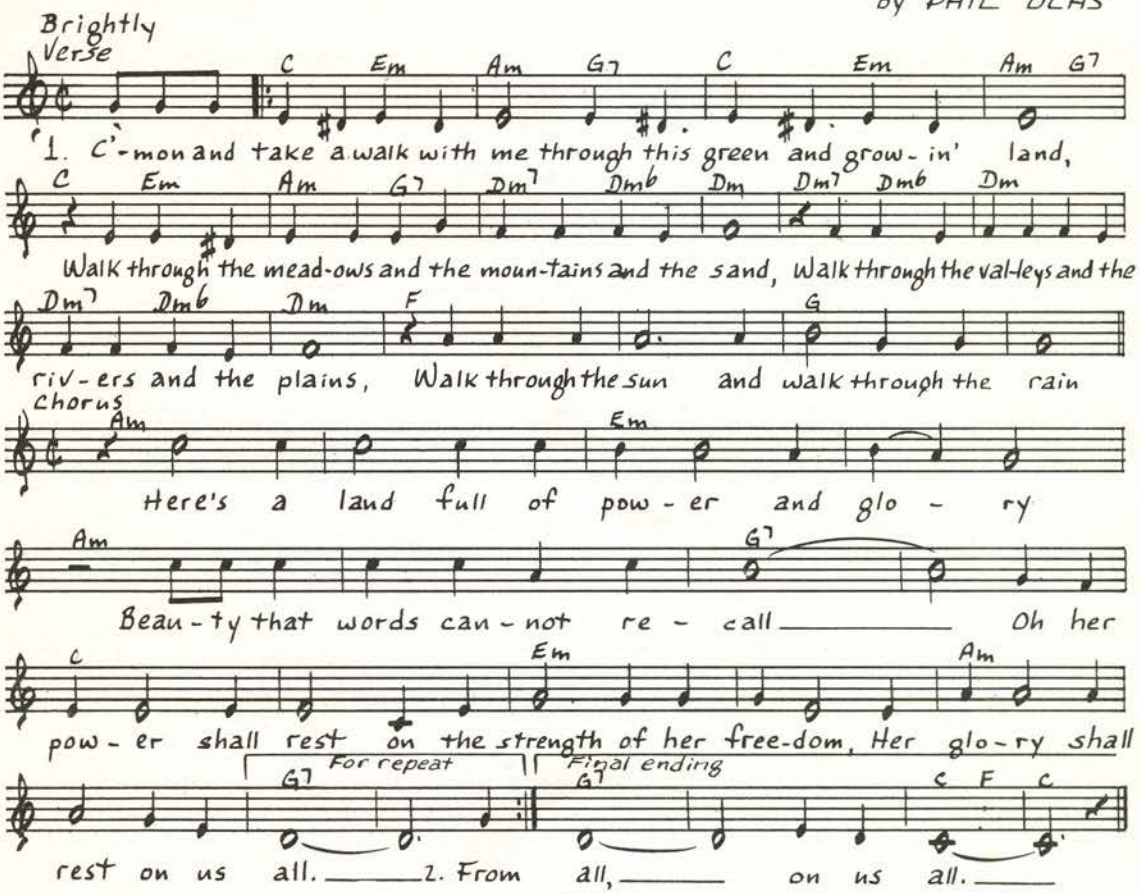
THE POWER AND GLORY

by PHIL OCHS


Brightly
Verse
C Em Am G7 C Em Am G7
1. C'-mon and take a walk with me through this green and grow-in' land,
C Em Am G7 Dm7 Dm6 Dm Dm7 Dm6 Dm
Walk through the mead-ows and the moun-tains and the sand, Walk through the val-leys and the
Dm7 Dm6 Dm F G
riv-ers and the plains, Walk through the sun and walk through the rain
Chorus
Am Em
Here's a land full of pow-er and glo-ry
Am G7
Beau-ty that words can-not re-call Oh her
C Em Am
pow-er shall rest on the strength of her free-dom, Her glo-ry shall
For repeat
G7 Final ending G7 C F C
rest on us all. 2. From all, on us all.

2. From Colorado, Kansas and the Carolinas, too,
Virginia and Alaska, from the old to the new,
Texas and Ohio and the California shore,
Tell me who could ask for more.
(CHORUS)

3. Yet she's only as rich as the poorest of the poor,
Only as free as a padlocked prison door,
Only as strong as our love for this land,
Only as tall as we stand.
(CHORUS)

4. C'mon and take a walk with me through this green and growin' land,
Walk through the meadows and the mountains and the sand,
Walk through the valleys and the rivers and the plains,
Walk through the sun and walk through the rain.
(CHORUS)

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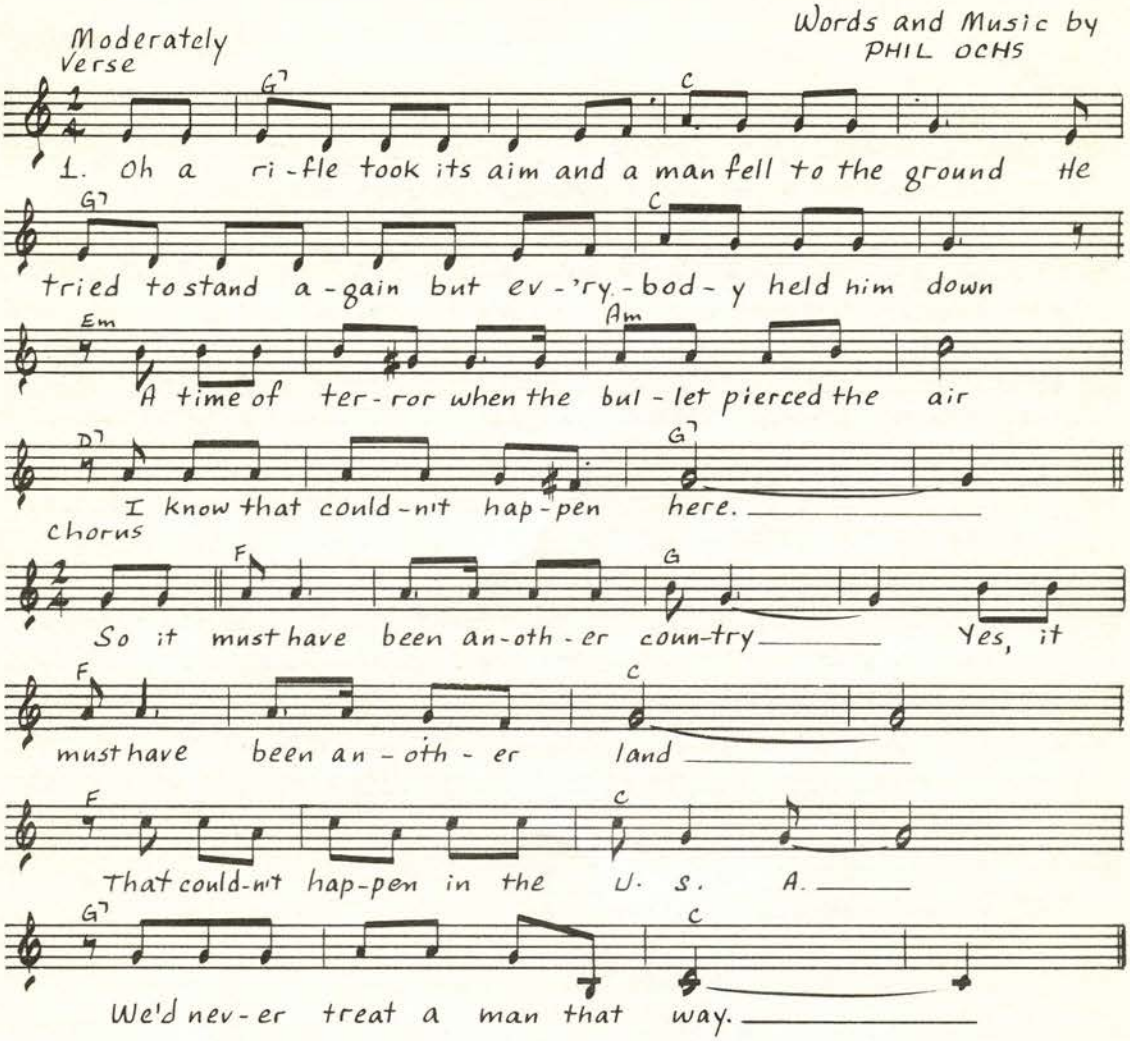
ANOTHER COUNTRY

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

Moderately
Verse
1. Oh a ri-fle took its aim and a man fell to the ground He
tried to stand a-gain but ev-'ry-bod-y held him down
A time of ter-ror when the bul-let pierced the air
I know that could-n't hap-pen here.
Chorus
So it must have been an-oth-er coun-try Yes, it
must have been an-oth-er land
That could-n't hap-pen in the U. S. A.
We'd nev-er treat a man that way.

2. And a man is workin' steady, it's good money he receives;
But he's thrown out of work for the wrong things he believes,
He didn't have the thoughts most everybody shares --
I know that couldn't happen here.
(CHORUS)

3. And a migrant worker sweats underneath the blazin' sun,
He's fallin' to his knees but his work is never done,
He begs someone to listen but nobody seems to care --
I know that couldn't happen here.
(CHORUS)

4. And a man is sent to prison to wait until he dies,
He fights to save his life for years and years he tries,
And even though he changed himself he dies upon the chair --
I know it couldn't happen here.
(CHORUS)

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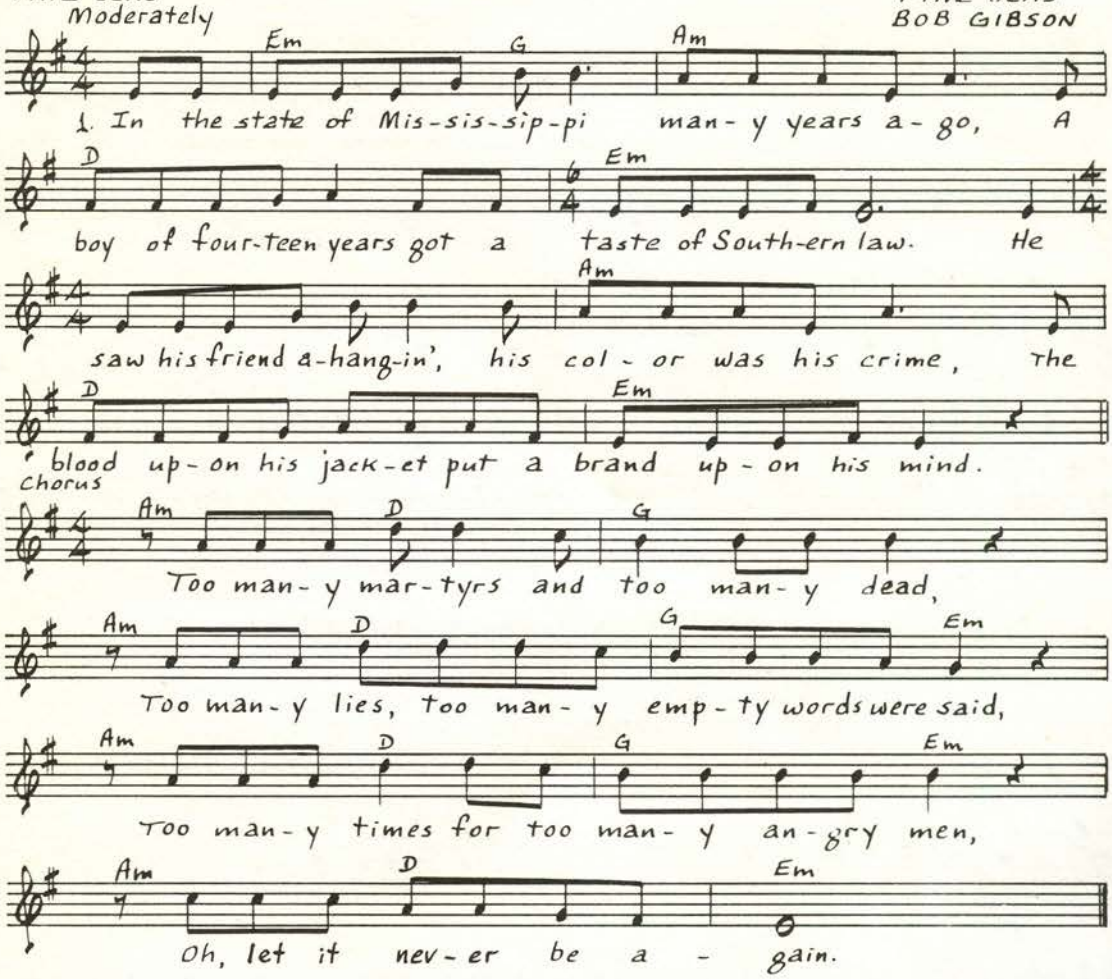
TOO MANY MARTYRS

(Ballad Of Medgar Evers)

Words by
PHIL OCHS

Music by
PHIL OCHS
BOB GIBSON

Moderately

Em G Am
1. In the state of Mis-sis-sip-pi man-y years a-go, A
D Em
boy of four-teen years got a taste of South-ern law. He
Am
saw his friend a-hang-in', his col-or was his crime, The
D Em
blood up-on his jack-et put a brand up-on his mind.
Chorus
Am D G
Too man-y mar-tyrs and too man-y dead,
Am D G Em
Too man-y lies, too man-y emp-ty words were said,
Am D G Em
Too man-y times for too man-y an-gry men,
Am D Em
Oh, let it nev-er be a-gain.

2. His name was Medgar Evers and he walked his road alone,
Like Emmett Till and thousands more whose names we'll never know;
They tried to burn his home and they beat him to the ground,
But deep inside they both knew what it took to bring him down.

(CHORUS)

3. The killer waited by his home hidden by the night,
As Evers stepped out from his car into the rifle sight;
He slowly squeezed the trigger, the bullet left his side,
It struck the heart of every man when Evers fell and died.

(CHORUS)

4. They laid him in his grave while the bugle sounded clear,
They laid him in his grave when victory was near.
While we waited for the future with the wisdom of our plans,
The country gained a killer, and the country lost a man.

(CHORUS)

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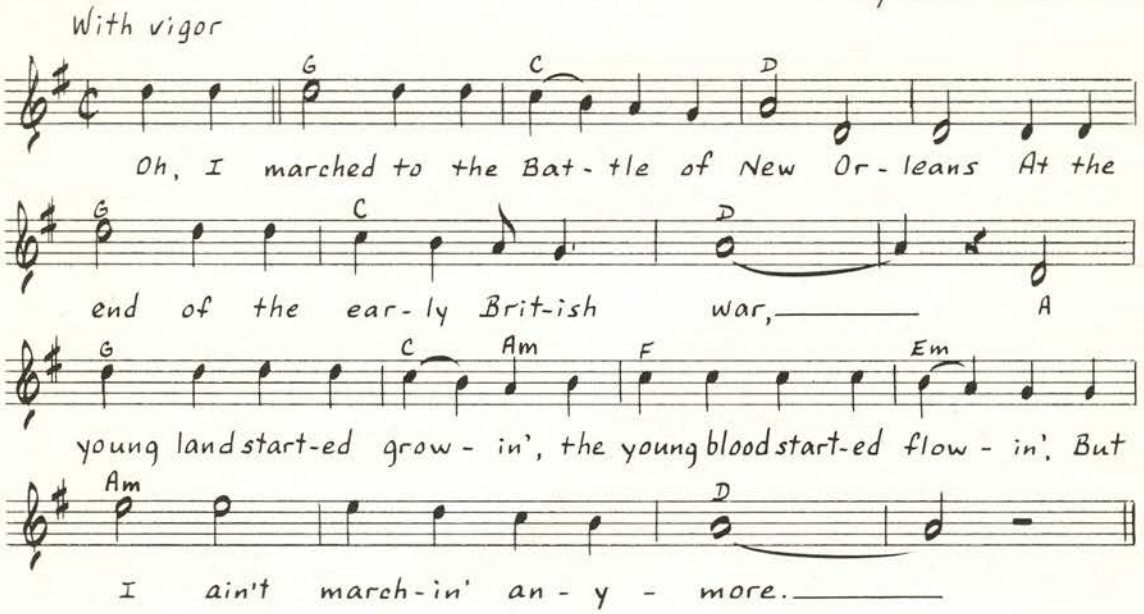
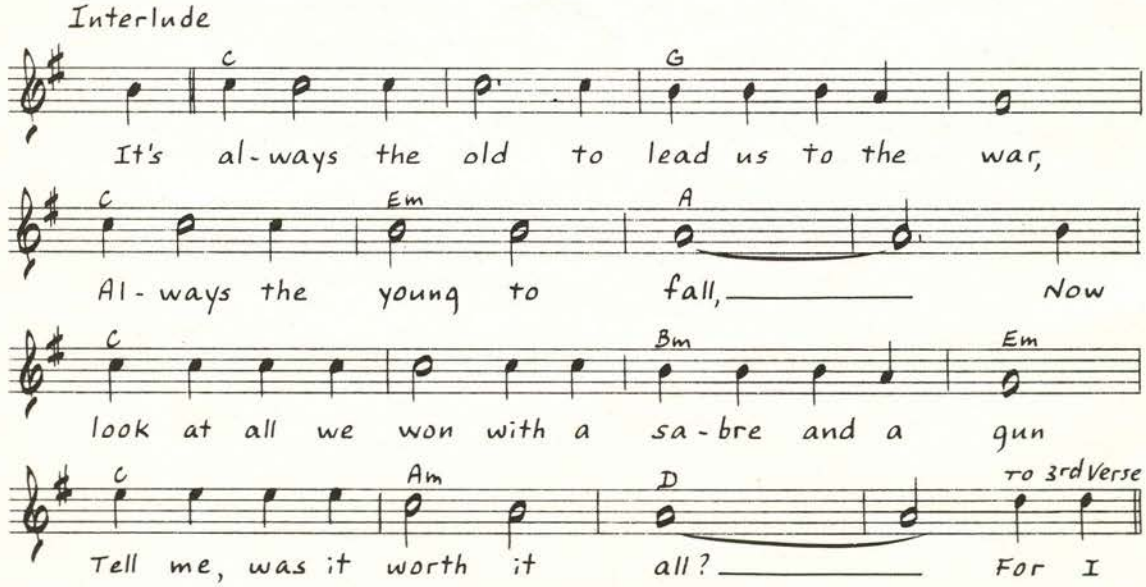
I AIN'T MARCHIN' ANYMORE

by PHIL OCHS


With vigor
G C D
Oh, I marched to the Bat-tle of New Or-leans At the
G C D A
end of the ear-ly Brit-ish war,
G C Am F Em
young land start-ed grow-in', the young blood start-ed flow-in'. But
Am D
I ain't march-in' an-y more.

2. For I killed my share of Injuns in a thousand different fights,
I was there at the Little Big Horn;
I heard many men a-lyin',
I saw many more a-dyin',
And I ain't marchin' anymore.

Interlude
C G
It's al-ways the old to lead us to the war,
C Em A
Al-ways the young to fall, Now
C Bm Em
look at all we won with a sa-bre and a gun
C Am D To 3rd Verse
Tell me, was it worth it all? For I

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3. For I stole California from the Mexican land,
Fought in the bloody Civil War,
Yes, I even killed my brothers,
And so many others,
But I ain't marchin' anymore.

4. For I marched to the battles of the German trench
In a war that was bound to end all wars;
I must have killed a million men
And now they want me back again,
But I ain't marchin' anymore.

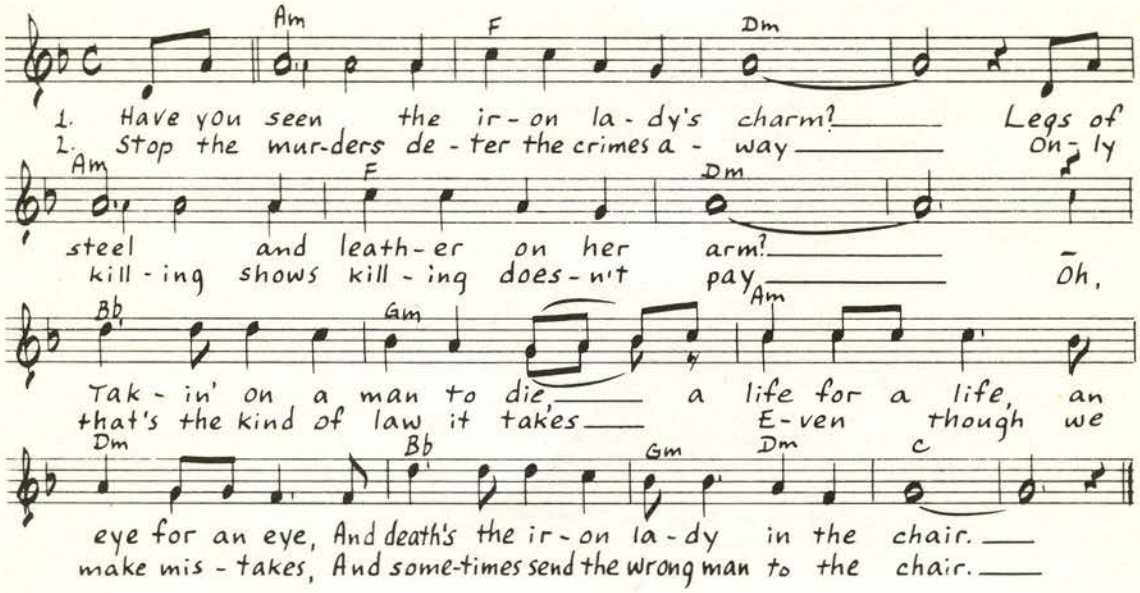
(Repeat INTERLUDE)

5. For I flew the final mission in the Japanese skies,
Set off the mighty mushroom roar,
When I saw the cities burnin',
I knew that I was learnin'
That I ain't marchin' anymore.

6. Now the labor leader's screamin' when they close the missile plants,
United Fruit screams at the Cuban shore,
Call it "Peace" or call it "Treason",
Call it "Love" or call it "Reason",
But I ain't marchin' anymore.

THE IRON LADY

by PHIL OCHS


Am F Dm
1. Have you seen the ir-on la-dy's charm? Legs of
1. Stop the mur-ders de-ter the crimes a-way On-ly
Am F Dm
steel and leath-er on her arm?
kill-ing shows kill-ing does-n't pay Oh,
Bb Gm Am
Tak-in' on a man to die, a life for a life, an
that's the kind of law it takes E-ven though we
Dm Bb Gm Dm C
eye for an eye, And death's the ir-on la-dy in the chair.
make mis-takes, And some-times send the wrong man to the chair.

3. In the Death-Row waiting for their turn,
No time to change, not a chance to learn;
Waiting for someone to call,
Say, "It's over, after all",
They won't have to face the justice of the chair.

4. Just before they serve him one last meal,
Shave his head, they ask him how he feels,
Then the warden comes to say good-bye,
Reporters come to watch him die,
Watch him as he's strapped into the chair.

5. And the chaplain, he reads the final prayer:
"Be brave, my son, the Lord is waiting there;"
Oh, murder is so wrong, you see,
Both the Bible and the courts agree
That the state's allowed to murder in the chair.

6. In the courtroom, watch the balance of the scales;
If the price is right, there's time for more appeals;
The strings are pulled, the switch is stayed,
The finest lawyers' fees are paid,
And a rich man's never died upon the chair.

7. Have you seen the Iron Lady's charm?
Legs of steel and leather on her arm?
Takin' on a man to die,
A life for a life, an eye for an eye,
And death's the Iron Lady in the chair.

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